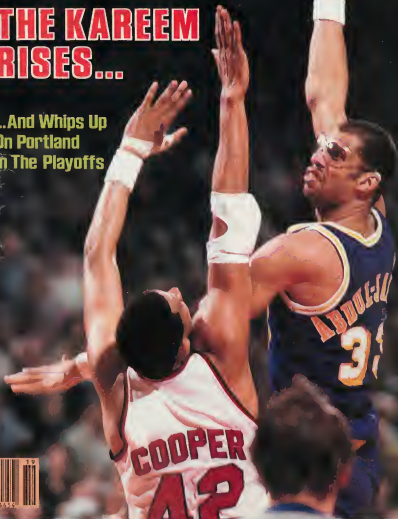


# Sports Illustrated

MAY 9, 1983 \$1.75

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



REYES (RIGHT) INTERVIEWS ANTONIO ROSARIO, FATHER OF THE NEW CHAMP

Whenever our writers are assigned stories involving Spanish-speaking personalities, they ask for an asset from Senior Reporter Angel Reyes. The latest case in point is Staff Writer Jack McCallum's piece in this issue on the Edwin Rosario-José Luis Ramírez fight, which begins on page 58. "Without Angel," says McCallum, "this would have been an assignment impossible, and I don't mean just because I can't speak Spanish." Senior Writer Pat Putnam agrees, saying, "Angel understands boxing, and he understands people." After Puerto Rico's Wilfred Benítez lost his super welterweight title to Thomas Hearns last December in New Orleans, Benítez' father thanked Reyes for being there, and the family invited him to their hotel room.

Born in Puerto Rico, Reyes came to New York City in 1952, when he was five. Between Spanish at home and English at school, he quickly became bilingual, but when he took an interest in literature, during a 1966-70 tour of duty as an Air Force mechanic, he focused on American authors. When Reyes wasn't examining the innards of cargo planes in Vietnam or Thailand, he was immersing himself in Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, and Sherwood Anderson. He came to SI in 1970, starting, appropriately enough, in the library, and became a reporter in 1973. His love of literature, along with his double-stacked office bookshelf, has never stopped growing.

"Tell me about it," says his wife, Nilda. "His closet is half clothes and half books in boxes. We've got some in storage. I don't know where he packs them up."

Reyes first used his Spanish to assist Senior Writer Ron Fimrite on a story about Cuban baseball in 1976. He interviewed jockeys for an article about race fixes in 1978—"Curlado" (he carefull, warned one)—and, as our soccer reporter, assisted Clive Gammon at last year's World Cup in Spain.

Before the first Sugar Ray Leonard-Roberto Durán fight, then Staff Writer Bill Nack, who has a modest knowledge of Spanish, sensed that the official translations of Durán's comments to the press weren't all they should have been. He and Reyes then did their own interview, and, says Nack, "I could see that Durán was responding to Angel. Durán said things, in Spanish, that I'd never heard him say before, and for the first time I had a feeling for Durán as a person." Reyes has an opinion about the two most famous words, no más, that Durán ever spoke. "To Durán—to most Latinos—boxing is a serious art form, not something to make fun of. It was Leonard's clowning that he said 'no more' to. He was saying, 'If you want to win it that way, you can have it.'"

*Philip D. Howard*

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# Update

by MICHAEL GLOBETTI

## RALPH NELSON IS LOOKING FORWARD TO A SECOND CHILDHOOD IN PRO FOOTBALL

The former "boy" running back of the World Football League has some advice for a notable youngster in pro football today. "If Herschel feels he has accomplished all he set out to do by the time his contract's up in three years, he should get out before he burns out," says Ralph Nelson, who was 19 when he signed with the WFL's Southern California Sun in January 1974. Walker had just turned 21 when he made his first carry in the USFL in March.

Nelson's own pro career spanned only three years during the mid-1970s—one season each with the Sun, the Washington Redskins and the Seattle Seahawks. He's now a bus driver for Metro Transit in Seattle. "I didn't quite make enough to retire on," says Nelson, who's 29 and with the encouragement of his old coach, George Allen, plans to try a comeback next year.

Nelson didn't play college football. In fact, two years on the JV team at Centennial High in Compton, Calif. was the extent of his schoolboy career. He made the varsity as a senior, but quit the team before the season began because he didn't get along with the coach. "He had the talent, and he could run," says Willard McCrumby, Nelson's JV coach and now principal at Centennial, "but he never got a fair shake as a senior."

Nelson had been out of high school for a year and was working at a lock factory in Compton when he heard that the Sun was holding tryouts in nearby Santa Ana. He was signed as a free agent by Sun Assistant Coach Ernie Wheelwright, a former NFL fullback. "The whole time I was in football," says Wheelwright, now a movie and TV actor, "I saw maybe two guys with the cuts this kid had. [Gale] Sayers was one of them." Wheelwright wasn't bothered by Nelson's age. "He had hustle and heart written all over him, and he'd do things that some of the big shots out of college wouldn't."

In his first season Nelson, 6' 2" and 192 pounds, rushed for more than 400 yards and was among the WFL's leading

kickoff returners. He evaded head-on tackles and went to the sidelines when he sensed a jarring hit coming his way. "I didn't solicit punishment," he says.

He did, however, have to solicit his paychecks when he was with the Sun—the club had trouble meeting its payroll midway through the season—and Nelson claims he was the Sun's lowest-paid player. "I signed for \$16,000 and was lucky to come away with half of that," he says. But his pay would get better. Wheelwright pointed him toward the NFL, where Allen, whose Redskins had always won with graybeards, signed Nelson just before he turned 21.

With Washington in 1975, Nelson played mostly as a kick returner and reserve halfback. He went on waivers to the expansion Seahawks the next year, where the nickname Junior, pinned on him by Washington's Over the Hill Gang, followed. Nelson was a spare running back for Seattle for a season. He and renowned Linebacker Mike Curtis were cut on the same day, following the team's final exhibition game in 1977. Nelson feels that he was let go largely because of the contract he'd signed with Washington. "It had a lot of deferred benefits and bonus clauses and was worth as much as some fifth- and sixth-year men were making—more than Seattle was willing to pay a part-time player," he says.

Nelson sat out a season and then got feelers from Canada and a tryout with the Oakland Raiders, who asked if he could bulk up 25 pounds for a shot at fullback. He didn't think he could gain that much fast enough, and having settled in Seattle, he started driving a bus there in May 1979. "It's a living," Nelson says, "but I'm still hungry for football." Allen fueled his desire to make it back by asking him to camp with the Chicago Blitz, but the call came the day before camp was to open, too late for Nelson to arrange time off from behind the wheel. He cursed his luck but was optimistic about making a USFL team in '84. "I'm 29 and feel five years younger," he says. "There's no wear and tear on me. Except for an ankle sprain, I've never been hurt. I may even have picked up a step in speed. It would be a shame if somebody saw my age on a fact sheet and automatically counted me out as too old."

Next year, if he makes it with the Chicago Blitz, Nelson will have what few, if any, men have had before: a second childhood in pro football.

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The moral of this history lesson is that the same basic "catapulting" occurs on today's largehead rackets. Largehead frames flex up and

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# On The Scene

by JOHN HILDEBRAND

## IN THE OLD DAYS, CANOES WERE MADE FOR ROMANCE—AMONG OTHER THINGS

*If an aluminum violin gave you the same mellow tone as a Stradivarius, you would undoubtedly still object to an aluminum violin and take the wooden Stradivarius.*

—CALVIN RUTSTRUM

The late Calvin Rutstrum was a writer and woodsman of the old school. His books on the north woods were illustrated with handsome woodcuts that invariably showed a lean canoeist making headway on some spruce-girdled lake in a ribbed canoe. In the 1950s Rutstrum was wilderness director at Camp Lincoln, a boys' camp in northern Minnesota. He gave practical demonstrations on pitching a tent in the wind, starting a campfire with a single match and, of course, canoeing.

One of those former campers who re-

canoes, often on forms acquired when the old companies shut down. The membership keeps in touch with goings-on through *Wooden Canoe*, a quarterly journal published by the Deans, and gets together once a year at a Wooden Canoe Assembly. The last one was held in Orono, Maine.

The Deans' collection of canoes includes, among others, such notable marques as Thompson, Shell Lake, Dunphy and Freedom Boat Works. There's barely room for their car.

"We're trying," Dean says, "to save room for an E.M. White."

The first canoes the Deans owned were aluminum. "They glared," Jeff says. "They were too hot or too cold. They were noisy." On canoe trips the Deans were often accompanied by a friend paddling a wooden Old Town which did not glare, conduct heat or go booming down the river like a kettle drum. And so they began looking for a wooden canoe.

They found that, with the exception of Old Town, all the venerable builders of canoeing's heyday had closed shop. The thousands of wooden canoes that they

Jeff judges has own as if they were contestants in a beauty pageant. The Dunphy is "chubby, fat, ill-considered." Another is "beautiful, but not lovely... too full in the bow." The Shell Lake is "nicer than the Dunphy, but crude."

"I wouldn't call the Shell Lake 'crude,'" interrupted Jill, who's less finicky than Jeff. "I'd call it elemental."

A great deal of the Deans' mail is from people who have just dusted off that old wooden canoe hanging in the barn rafters and want to know who made it and what it's worth. The Deans refer to these mystery canoes as UFOs—Unidentified Floating Objects—and Jill, a law student at the University of Wisconsin, does most of the detective work. She'll start by telling the owner to look for certain telltale features on the canoe. Old Town, for instance, uses diamond-shaped bolts to fasten seats to the hull and imprints a serial number on each boat's stem. Jill also finds clues in a filing cabinet of old canoe catalogs. Tracking down UFOs is time-consuming work, but on one occasion it brought Jill a real find.

"My law professor, George Foster,



**The Soffiore, a modern canoe designed after handcrafted ones popular a century ago.**

members Rutstrum's demonstrations vividly is a Madison, Wis. man named Jeff Dean, who is now an administrator for the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Dean recalls that all of Camp Lincoln's canoes were aluminum except a single wood and canvas model that belonged to Rutstrum and was strictly off limits.

Today, Dean and his wife, Jill, own 16 canoes, all but a few wooden, and most of them are jammed into the garage attached to their house. In 1979 the Deans founded the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, Ltd to promote the preservation and restoration of wooden and birchbark canoes and encourage their construction. The membership is made up of collectors like the Deans as well as of new builders who, in one- and two-man shops, turn out a small number of

had turned out over the years had, for the most part, rotted away in boathouses or had been destroyed in lakeside ceremonies—ignited and then pushed off into the water. Eventually the Deans bought a Tremblay canoe, then traded up for an Old Town, and so forth.

By his own admission, Jeff "couldn't build a box." But he has an eye for a boat's lines—he studied architecture at Yale—and he says, "There are canoes that are well made and canoes that are beautiful to look at. Those qualities have little to do with performance and a lot to do with proportions, like the way the gunwales form the decks. Graceful lines take the canoe from working craft to esthetic object."

asked me to look at an old canoe that he and his wife, Jimmy, had in their backyard," she says. "They thought it was an Old Town, but I knew it wasn't. I was struck by the closed gunwales and splayed stem band, and I remembered a friend restoring a canoe just like it. At the end of my midterm law exam, I wrote, 'It's a Morris!' When I got the exam back, my professor had written: 'Do you want it?'"

In the early 1900s the three leading canoe-builders in Maine were B.N. Morris in Vezie, and Old Town and E.M. White, located within a block of each other in the city of Old Town. Morris turned out distinctive craft, with graceful sheer lines in the bow and stern, from 1887 until 1920, when an arsonist burned the place down. The Fosters' canoe, it turned out, had been shipped new from

continued

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## ON THE SCENE (Continued)

Venzie to a distributor in Chicago, who sold it in 1910 for \$48.50 to Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Bartelme, who gave it as a high school graduation present to their daughter. Seventy-two years later, the daughter's daughter, Jimmy Foster, would give that canoe to Jill Dean.

Because the canoe had remained in one family until it came to Jill, its history remained intact. The Morris had been in use at the Bartelmes' family cottage in northern Michigan until it was brought home to Madison, where it was once lost overnight on Lake Mendota. It washed ashore the following day. When Jill received it, the Morris was in rough shape, and so, as a graduation present to herself, Jill is having it restored at Freedom Boat Works, less than an hour's drive north of Madison. "I want it to be done quickly," she says, "because I promised Jimmy a ride in it when I graduate from law school this month."

The Morris is being repaired in the tiny (pop 616) town of North Freedom, Wis., at a century-old farmstead high in the hills of the Baraboo Range. The barn that once held Holsteins now houses Freedom Boat Works, run by Rick Heinzen and his brother-in-law Tony Bries. They build six or seven wooden boats a year, mostly during the warm months. In the winter, when the barn is heated with a wood stove, they repair old boats. When Bries first saw the Morris, he looked dolefully at the canoe. "You could build a new boat faster than you could repair this one," he said as he stood amid stacks of cedar, oak, ash and butternut in the dimness of the hayloft. "The hull is in good shape, but everything else is shot. Decks are gone. Stems too. Some ribs have to be replaced."

Bries had to take off the decks and gunwales, rip off the red canvas, strip off the old varnish so he could renew the planking and replace the broken ribs. He had to cut new mahogany for the deck, using an old Morris catalog for the sectional shapes. Then the canoe had to be recanvased and varnished.

On a recent afternoon Bries sighted along the Morris' gunwales and remarked to a visitor, "Kind of a fat canoe—37 inches at the beam, so I figure this model was their courting boat. You know, about the time Morris was making these boats. Old Town sold red wool blankets to put in the bottom of their canoes." He paused and smiled. "They also had a removable center seat."



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you can see. It's the precise control we engineer into every part of every VW.

There will be but a limited number of these remarkable cars built, so visit your VW dealer soon.

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# WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER



**STEPHEN GRAHAM**

**Home:** Seattle, Washington

**Career:** Attorney

**Age:** 29 **Married:** One daughter

**Interests:** Hiking, writing, cartooning, bicycling and volunteering for United Way

I'm meeting all kinds of people who are doing the same.

"Most important of all, I'm learning more about human care needs. And how—as a United Way volunteer—I can make a difference here in Seattle. It's a valuable lesson in leadership.

"By helping shape my community's future, through United Way, I'm more than just living my life. I'm fulfilling it."

"Because there's more to my life than just me.

"Like being with my family. Hiking along the timberline. And getting involved in my community.

"Volunteering for United Way adds another dimension to my life. I'm putting my skills to work for the benefit of the entire community. And

## ON THE SCENE *continued*

The history of modern canoeing, according to Bries, falls into three distinct eras. In the so-called Golden Age (1870-1900), canoeists in decked, all-wood canoes made sporting news by exploring the headwaters of rivers or racing one another in elaborate regattas. Only the privileged few, however, could afford these miniature yachts, one of which might cost what a laborer earned in a month.

In Phase Two canoeing became really popular with the appearance of open wood and canvas craft at the turn of the century. Cheaper and roomier than the esoteric canoe yawls, open canoes like the Morris or E.M. White brought to the nation's waterways more democratic pursuits—such as crooning to one's sweetheart between paddle strokes. In an age when the automobile was still considered just a noisy curiosity, the canoe, paddled out to the middle of a lake or slipped beneath an overhanging willow, offered a measure of privacy and the possibility of romance.

For Bries, though, the romance is missing from Phase Three, which began in the 1970s. "Today the canoe is a better paddling boat," he says, "but has lost a lot in terms of construction and appearance. There's one canoe out now called Outrageous. Well, Outrageous is a very fast boat, but esthetically it is horrendous looking."

In the mid-'70s, Heinzen and Bries checked out of the University of Wisconsin at Madison ahead of schedule. A graduate student in microbiology, Heinzen had taught electron microbiology and had worked summers as a carpenter. Bries had floated from one undergraduate major to another without acquiring a sustaining interest in any. So they dropped out of school. In a more southerly latitude, they might have moved into the hills and made mountain dulcimers and mandolins. As it was, they traveled north to Canada's soon-to-fail Chestnut Canoe Company to watch rib and plank canoes being made in the old manner. When they returned, Heinzen and Bries settled in the Baraboo Hills to build wooden canoes.

They bought the dairy barn in 1975 along with nine acres of hilltop and a log farmhouse, where Heinzen and his wife and son live. Bries and his wife rent a house down the road in Denver. "The inside of the barn was caked with manure," Bries recalls. "We had to tear out heifer pens and stanchions, pour a new concrete



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*continued*





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It has a new 1.8-liter engine, a new close ratio five-speed transmission, and ventilated front disc brakes.

Its suspension is so sophisticated that it's faster than a Ferrari through the slalom.

Still, with all its sophistication and speed this Wolfsburg Limited Edition Scirocco is the lowest priced German sports car you can buy.

Ausgezeichnet?  
Ausgezeichnet, yes indeed!

Scirocco's name lives.

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### ON THE SCENE *continued*

crete floor and put in insulation. On a damp day the barn still smells like hay."

At first Heinzen and Bries built canoes not much different from the Chestnuts they had watched being made in Canada. Gradually they branched out, reaching back into canoeing's halcyon days for designs. They constructed a lapstrake solo canoe and modern versions of a W.P. Stevens sailing canoe and a double-ended Ranglely pulling boat. They built whatever caught their fancy, and if a customer showed interest, the boat was added to their catalog.

It didn't take long for Freedom Boat Works to fasten onto the flowing designs of J. Henry Rushton, onetime shoe clerk and premier canoe builder of the nineteenth century. Out of Rushton's boat shop in Canton, N.Y., came sailing canoes and guide boats that were the apotheosis of the Golden Age. Rushton's avowed purpose, as put forth in his 1882 catalog, was "providing the canoeist with a suitable craft where with to explore the many devious and beautiful water courses intersecting our broad land."

Perhaps Rushton's most publicized boat was a solo lapstrake canoe weighing less than 18 pounds. He built it on special order for the woodsman and writer, George Washington Sears, who, under the pen name Nesmuk, wrote for the most influential sporting magazine of his age, *Forest and Stream*. Sears was a slight man, 5' 3" and 105 pounds, and he was nearly 60 years old when he wrote Rushton asking for a canoe light enough to paddle and portage by himself through the Adirondack lakes without the aid of a guide. In all, Rushton built five different Nesmuk-style canoes for Sears, the lightest just under 10 pounds. One Adirondack guide observed, "It don't weigh more'n a snipepipe hat."

The Deans own two Nesmuk-style canoes, one a genuine Rushton that they wouldn't dream of putting in the water. The other is a Solitaire from Freedom Boat Works, built along the same lines but lengthened by two feet and with two inches more sheer height. Both are beautiful boats, what Jeff would call "esthetic objects."

It takes Bries about 125 man-hours to complete a Solitaire. He builds the hull upside-down on a form, first laying the white oak keel and spruce stems. The keel has been rabbeted—square cut—to receive the garboard or bottom plank. In all there are eight cedar planks to a side,

*continued*



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With special sport seats, a thick responsive leather wrapped steering wheel, silky smooth five-speed trans-

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And naturally, there's the kind of handling and performance you get with VW's German engineering.

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Each plank, or strake, has been beveled to lap over the next plank, and the laps are clenched-nailed with brass tacks. Then the hull is pulled from the form, and steamed quarter-inch oak ribs are nailed inside. Inwales, thwarts and decks of contrasting cherry wood are added, and the inside gets a clear coat of Deks Otje marine finish to show off the grain. The finished canoe looks real pretty.

Bries, however, rejects the notion of boats as *objets d'art*. "Canoes aren't furniture," he says. "They're meant to be utilized. A car's finish is more delicate than a canoe's, but that doesn't stop you from driving to the K Mart."

One sunny day last summer, Bries lashed his own Solitaire and double-bladed paddle to the roof of his Ford and drove down the hill to Seeley Lake. The lake, an impounded creek owned by the North Freedom Rod and Gun Club, regularly does service as one of the devious

and beautiful water courses intersecting our broad land.

"I canoe this lake half a dozen times a summer before it weeds over," he said. "It's perfect for gunkholing—just poking around the backwaters."

Bries took the little canoe off the car and put it in the water, where it looked as substantial as a leaf. At 35 pounds it's heavier than Rushton's featherweights, but then Rushton's solo boats had no thwarts or inwales and were not guaranteed once they left the boat shop.

"Building the light boats was good p.r. for Rushton," said Bries. "He got a lot of publicity from Sears, but he never made much money because he'd always change his boats to a customer's designs."

A folding cane seat went into the bottom of the canoe and then Bries stepped in, bracing the boat with his paddle. Sitting with his legs splayed out in front like a kayaker, he paddled off. In an exhibi-

tion of gunkholing, he slipped the Solitaire around to the top of a waterfall, where Seeley Lake again becomes Seeley Creek, and kept the boat stationary with the slightest backpaddling. Then he eased the bow around and headed straight across the little lake, picking up speed with each stroke.

Of the Rushton canoe that bore his name, Nessmuk had written: "She's lovely. She's light. She swizzes on the waves . . . and, propelled by a light double paddle, with a one-fool power in the middle, she gets over the water like a scared loon."

When the first Wooden Canoe Assembly was held in 1980 in Clayton, N.Y., not far from Rushton's hometown, Bries took his Solitaire along for a week of camping through the same Adirondack lakes that Nessmuk had paddled a century before. But Bries was disappointed. The wilderness lakes Nessmuk had described had not remained as constant as the canoe Rushton had designed for paddling them. Too many cottages.

END



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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## GAVEAT DRAFT

You'll have to forgive us for chucking over the discomfort that John Elway and Don Mosebar caused the teams that selected them in last week's NFL college draft. Elway, the gifted Stanford quarterback, was chosen by the Colts as the top overall pick, whereupon he reiterated what he'd indicated before the draft—that he'd sign with the New York Yankees rather than play in Baltimore. Mosebar, an offensive tackle from USC, was taken later in the first round by the Los Angeles Raiders, whereupon he and his agent, Howard Slusher, mentioned something they hadn't previously revealed—that Mosebar had undergone back surgery one week before the draft. Both insisted that they would have come clean about the surgery had anybody asked about Mosebar's health, but nobody did.

Elway and Mosebar were both trying to manipulate the course of the draft to their own advantage. But before condemning either of them for that, it's useful to take a closer look at this thing called the college draft. An equitable, even-Stephen relationship between prospective employer and job-seeker it isn't. Rather, it's a one-sided system carefully rigged by the NFL to divide up the labor market and limit the bargaining power of players. Because he's an uncommonly marketable two-sport star, Elway was emboldened to try to gain the upper hand on the Colts, something that ordinarily belongs to NFL teams in their dealings with prospects. Because Mosebar neglected to go public about his surgery, the Raiders wound up shopping for possibly damaged goods. However, any question of deception that may be raised by his and Slusher's non-disclosure is mitigated by this fact: When it comes to selecting an NFL team, college players don't have the right to shop at all.

## ANOTHER SPECIAL CASE

It was unclear if the NFL Players Association felt as uncomfortable after the draft as either the Colts or Raiders, but it should have. After Elway repeated his vow to play for the Yankees rather than the Colts, Dick Berthelsen, the NFLPA's staff counsel, took pains to clarify an important point. If Elway were to sign with

either the Canadian Football League or the USFL, Berthelsen said, the Colts would retain his NFL rights for four years. But if Elway went with the Yankees, he could become an NFL free agent following the 1985 draft. "The language in the agreement is very specific on that," Berthelsen said. "If he does not play professional football, he would be a free agent after two years."

Berthelsen's keen interest in setting this matter straight is curious. In recent years, the NFLPA has refrained from pushing for free agency for its players and has even negotiated away major gains on the issue that the players had won in court. The union argues that free agency won't work in the NFL because the owners share TV revenues equally and play to virtually full stadiums and thus lack the financial incentive to bid for players on an open market. But what of players like Eric Harris and Tom Cousineau, who, after playing in Canada, were able to enter the NFL as free agents and then signed unusually handsome contracts? Those, the NFLPA ritually replies, are "special cases."

Which is what Berthelsen is now saying about Elway. Conceding that free agency "presumably" would be of considerable benefit to Elway, he adds, "There aren't too many people who would be in the same position, though. As a general proposition, I would say that only one or two percent of the players are in a position to benefit from free agency, players who have the potential to be franchise-makers, like Elway."

But how can one even speak of "a franchise-maker" when, by the NFLPA's own argument, all of the NFL's 28 franchises are already "made"? All talk of special cases aside, the suspicion lingers that free agency in the NFL hasn't worked because it hasn't been tried. And that the NFLPA has done its rank and file a disservice by not pushing for it.

## A DOLPHIN GETS HIS FEET WET

One of the least appreciated functionalities at diving meets is the "kicker," who sits at poolside and roils the surface of the water with his feet. This turbulence eliminates the mirror effect that can play havoc with the depth perception of divers.

At a time when hoses and underwater bubble machines are being used increasingly for the purpose—automation, it seems, is everywhere these days—promoters of this weekend's Hall of Fame International Diving Meet in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. are doing something to call attention to the poor, neglected kicker: they've engaged former Miami Dolphin placement specialist Garo Yepremian to handle the job. Yepremian will be in action during the meet's preliminary rounds, and Buck Dawson, executive director of the International Swimming Hall of Fame, the host for the meet, obligingly says, "Garo is welcome to kick soccer-style if he wants to."

## SEEING THE LIGHT

H. Franklin Taylor III, a Richmond lawyer and past president of the Amateur Softball Association, testified before a Senate Commerce subcommittee two weeks ago in favor of a bill to move up



the current late-April start of daylight saving time by a month or more. Taylor argued that many of the nation's 30 million softball players now have to leave work early during March and most of April to get in enough playing time before dark. As for how they manage to take time off the job, Taylor said, wryly, "Hopefully, the boss is on the golf course."

Actually, the softball crowd is serious

continued

in complaining that the current law works a hardship during late winter and early spring on those softball leagues that don't have lighted fields. Taylor also noted that even those that do have such fields now face difficulties. "Their lights are being cut back," he explained. "With local governments strapped for funds, recreation isn't among the highest priorities." One obvious way to put a higher priority on recreation—without running up a big light bill—is to extend daylight saving time, as Taylor urged. This would also benefit people who fancy such other sports that bloom in the spring as tennis and bicycling. And, yes, it might even provide extra time on the links for golf-playing bosses.

#### CURIOUS NELL

Nell Grim, a 47-year-old housewife and school board official in Perkasie, Pa., sent in a deposit the other day to attend a baseball fantasy camp for adults of the kind described recently by Roy Blount Jr.

in SI (Feb. 21). She's believed to be the first woman to sign up for such a camp. Beginning next November 13 Grim, the wife of a lawyer and mother of two teenagers, will spend a week receiving instruction from—and playing in a game against—such New York Yankee stars of the 1950s as Albie Reynolds, Vic Raschi, Enos Slaughter, Bill Skowron and Gent Woodling. She'll be joined by some 60 other campers, all 30 or over, who will pay \$2,595 each to Baseball Fantasies Fulfilled, which is putting on both the November camp and an earlier one, also involving ex-Yankee stars, in June.

Why is Grim interested in such an experience? For one thing, she's a lifelong Yankee fan and relishes the idea of getting to know some of her old heroes. She also hopes to sharpen her skills, but as an infielder rather than a catcher, the position she manned—or womaned—while playing a version of the game that utilized a hard-rubber ball during her prep-school days in the '50s. And finally, she expects to acquire an insider's knowledge

about something that has long puzzled her. "I've been watching third-base coaches give signals for 35 years," she says. "I want to find out how they work."

#### LUNAR ECLIPSES

You're right, the world is going to hell in a handbasket. As evidence, we submit two distastefully similar incidents. The first involved Birmingham South Stars Coach Gene Ubriaco and several players on the Birmingham bench during the closing seconds of an 8-2 Central Hockey League loss to the Indianapolis Checkers. By way of expressing their displeasure at the officiating, Ubriaco and the players turned their backs to the ice, bent over and pointed their backsides—still betwixt—at Referee Don Koharski. The second involved Alabama anchorman Lamar Smith, who was far ahead of Auburn's Calvin Brooks in the mile relay at the Dogwood Relays in Knoxville, Tenn. when he began taunting his beaten rival by shaking his baton at him and

continued

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*L. S. (Sam) Shoen*



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making a great show of slowing up before the finish line. Fans booed, and Smith, the race over, dropped his shorts and, as Referee Chuck Zody recalls, "shot the moon at the crowd."

The only reason we report any of this is that it also allows us to tell what happened, somewhat more happily, after each of these incidents. As punishment for the unseemly goings-on in Indianapolis, one Birmingham player was fined \$100 for "conduct unbecoming to a professional hockey player," and Ubricco was fined \$500 and put on probation. In Knoxville, "Bama Coach John Mitchell apologized to Auburn for Smith's behavior, and another member of the Crimson Tide's relay team went to the press box to express regret to meet officials. Because of Smith's behavior, the relay team was disqualified for unsportsmanlike conduct. Which suggests that there are some people who would just as soon not see mooning become a trend at sports events. Count us among them.

#### AGRI-BUSINESS REPORT

Forgive Joe Terranova his mixed metaphors, tortured puns and other groaners. The man's substance more than makes up for his style. Every year Terranova, a communications supervisor for Ford Motor Co. in Detroit, watches hundreds of high school game films and devours letters of recommendation from scores of coaches to produce an authoritative rundown of the colleges that did best in that year's battles for high school prospects. In the latest edition of his annual *Handbook of College Football Recruiting*, Terranova calls 1983 "a great year for offensive linemen and linebackers, but only an average year for talent at the other positions." And he credits these schools with the best recruiting crops for '83:

1) Penn State. "You get the feeling that after winning the national championship, Joe Paterno's stock rose faster than the Dow Jones industrial average." The Nittany Lions got such blue chippers as running backs Tim Manoa, "a 220-pound mauler by way of American Samoa," and D.J. Dozier of Virginia Beach, Va., "the premier runner on the East Coast." They also got a trio of quarterbacks "rugged enough to lift a semi . . . the usual number of man-eating linebackers and some legitimate sleepers who carry the Good Housekeeping seal of approval."

2) USC: "Was that a Trojan horse I saw parked on junior-college campuses from Sacramento to San Diego? You bet!" Traditionally reliant on transfer talent, Southern Cal grabbed Tim Green of El Camino Junior College in Torrance, Calif., "considered by many to be America's best juco quarterback. . . . But Green is only the tip of the Troy iceberg [sic]. It's the studs in the trenches that are most likely to sink the *Titanics* of the Pac-10." Line recruits include Gaylord Kuamoo of Santa Rosa J.C. (6' 4", 280), Golden West College's Jeff Benson (6' 6", 275) and Mike Lilly, who at 6' 6", 295 pounds "is definitely not the little old lady from Pasadena."

3) Notre Dame: Gerry Fausti's "exhausting, non-stop speaking engagements" secured Robert Banks, "a 6' 4", 220-pound talent out of Hampton, Va., who could start at defensive end early in the '83 campaign," and Defensive Line-man Mike Griffin of Cleveland Heights, Ohio ("I did not see a more aggressive player on film all year"). The Irish also "larded the Mutt and Jeff of high school receivers," 6' 4" Alvin Maller of suburban St. Louis and 5' 9" Alonzo Jefferson of West Palm Beach, as well as Quarterback Steve Beuerlein of Fullerton, Calif.

4) Oklahoma: "Sooner or later, Oklahoma's gonna corral the good ones, and, as a group, they may have lassoed enough upper-echelon linemen to build a proper conga line for the Duprees and Wilsons or whomever who carry the football." Terranova singles out Caesar Rente of Hartshorne, Okla. and Jeff Pickett of Texarkana, Texas as stanchions of an offensive line whose potential nickname is, you guessed it, "The Pickett Fence."

5) Texas A&M: "The people in the Southwest Conference feel the Aggies signed 15 of the top 45 players in the Lone Star State. In fact, the Aggies' talent runs deeper than the U.S.S. Ohio." Recruiting out of the school's Leaper, Jackie Sherrill lured Tailback-Defensive End Rod Bernstein, Defensive Back James Flowers, Tight End Sylvester Morgan and passing quarterbacks Craig Stump and Jay Hess, all from Texas high schools.

Finishing out Terranova's Top 10 are 6) UCLA: "To his credit Terry Donahue is one of a growing number of coaches who doesn't believe that football bears the same relation to education that bullfighting does to agriculture"; 7) SMU: "Despite plenty of last minute suspen-

sion-tension, the Mustangs landed themselves a class on par with the Dickerson-James class of 1979"; 8) Auburn: "A line that averages 255 pounds per behemoth and two great running backs with national credentials"; 9) Pittsburgh: "The best group . . . and that's the key word . . . of defensive players in the country"; and 10) Miami: "You gotta believe that Howard Schnellenberger knew something when he turned down a lucrative contract offer from Kentucky to remain in South Florida."

Will the U.S.S. Ohio hit a Troy iceberg and sink? Will that corralled conga line turn into a Pickett Fence before our very eyes? Can the Dow Jones industrials find happiness with the Good Housekeeping seal? We gotta believe.

#### THE BENJAMIN THEOREM (CONT.)

As reported in this space in our Dec. 6, 1982 issue, a certain Alan L. Benjamin had propounded in a letter to the *Chicago Tribune* the interesting theory that American football causes winter. Benjamin reasoned that countries where football isn't played, such as Mexico, Jamaica and Egypt, don't have cold weather, while in Canada, where football teams have an extra man, winters are unusually harsh. He also noted that the weather was uncommonly mild during last fall's NFL strike. Last week we received in the mail a copy of our item on the Benjamin Theorem accompanied by the following message:

Sir:

I had to shovel seven inches of snow from my driveway this morning, April 20, 1983

I am writing to the U.S. Football League and the New Jersey Generals, also.

Stop!

Bob Reip  
Succasanna, N.J.

#### THEY SAID IT

● Moses Malone, examining his bill as he checked out of a Milwaukee hotel after a game against the Bucks: "I only want to check out. I don't want to buy no hotel."

● Chu Chu Rodriguez, making light of the fact that he's closing in on the \$1 million mark in career earnings as a golf pro: "The problem is, I'm already over \$2 million in spending."

END

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I believe a little bit in the forces that we can't see," said Pat Riley, coach of the Los Angeles Lakers. "It's nice to know that the force is with you." Fair enough, but last week the Lakers' force was decidedly visible to one and all, seeing as it came in the towering form of Center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who led Los Angeles a three-games-to-one advantage over the Portland Trail Blazers in the NBA Western Conference semifinals. Down 3-0, the Blazers beat L.A. 108-95 on Sunday, but they still were in a deep hole, because no team in the league's 36 seasons has ever won a best-of-seven series after losing the first three.

It has been perhaps five years since Abdul-Jabbar has been the destroyer he was last week. However long it may have been, "the main difference in me is that back then I didn't need a hair weave," Abdul-Jabbar says. Indeed, though he's 36 now and balding, hair seems to be the only thing he has lost. Against Portland he played an average of 40.3 minutes, scored 33.3 points a game and blocked 5.3 shots. "When you start making concessions to age," he says, "age will take over." When the Lakers needed him most, Abdul-Jabbar conceded nothing to the Trail Blazers and their center, Wayne Cooper. "They have some great players," said Cooper, "but when you speak of the Lakers you speak of Kareem."

In the first game of the series, Abdul-Jabbar played only 34 minutes because of foul trouble, but when he was in the game Los Angeles outscored Portland 89-60. When he was on the bench, the Blazers outscored L.A. 37-29. And while those numbers illustrated Abdul-Jabbar's



# The Force Ran Its Course

**Invincible Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and a fierce fast break gave L.A. a 3-1 lead over Portland in the NBA playoffs**

**by BRUCE NEWMAN**



importance to the Lakers, they also indicated how shallow the Lakers' bench—which had been one of the deepest in the league—has become.

Three weeks ago the Lakers looked highly vulnerable. They had lost five of their last 10 regular-season games and were hardly the same team that had fashioned a Pacific Division-winning 58-24 regular season. Reserve Forward Bob McAdoo, who contributed mightily to L.A.'s title last year, dislocated the fourth toe on his right foot on Feb. 16 and has been sidelined ever since. But as substantial a blow as McAdoo's injury was, the Lakers could absorb it because rookie Forward James Worthy was playing so spectacularly in McAdoo's absence. But then Worthy was lost for the season when he broke his left leg in a game with Phoenix on April 10. "James's injury had a big impact on the team psychologically," Riley says. "It was disruptive because suddenly guys were having to play more minutes and play different positions, and our whole substitution rotation had to change."

Los Angeles had worn teams down with its bench all season, getting nearly 30 points a game from just Worthy and McAdoo. Without those two, the edge the Lakers had enjoyed over most teams had been drastically reduced. Many observers wrote Los Angeles off as a threat for the NBA title. "We had grown very dependent on Bob and James," says Forward Jamaal Wilkes, "but the injuries

*continued*

Johnson showed the Blazers he still had the Magic, dishing out 43 assists in four games.

and then people's reactions to them drew us closer together because all we had was us. Our feeling was, 'Don't send us roses. We're not dead yet.'"

If the Lakers were to become the first team since the 1968-69 Boston Celtics to successfully defend a league championship, they would have to do it with Mark Landsberger as their first forward off the bench. Landsberger had played in only 39 games during the season—he logged all of 25 minutes during January—and averaged just 2.5 points a game. Not since the 1979-80 season, when he was picked up from Chicago in midseason to help in the Lakers' championship drive, has Landsberger been a factor

"For us to win in the playoffs," says L.A. Guard Norm Nixon, "we have to string the game out and make teams run with us." They did exactly that, roaring off to a 29-12 lead in Game 1 as Portland, which had gotten to the semis by upsetting Seattle 2-0 in their miniseries, made repeated ball-handling errors. "If you turn the ball over," said Portland Forward Mychal Thompson after the final buzzer, "their eyes get as big as silver dollars. And when they get it, it's like somebody let go a rubber band." The Lakers' break was usually as devastating in the first and fourth quarters against Portland as it had been when they won the title with it last season, but in the

middle of each game it bogged down. "Our guys come in eager to run," said Riley, "then fatigue sets in and they settle for going in to Kareem."

And you don't have to be a coaching genius to tell your team to feed the ball to the second-most-prolific scorer—33,169 points through Sunday—in NBA history. But by the eve of Game 2, the Los Angeles papers had just about decided that beneath Portland Coach Jack Ramsay's shazy dome lay the fount of all basketball knowledge. Ramsay was variously credited with having invented the fast break generally and the one the Lakers were using specifically. Riley got into the spirit by labeling Ramsay "a coach's coach" and "the master," all of this after Ramsay's team had just been smoked by 21 points, 118-97, in the first game, with Abdul-Jabbar getting 32 points.

Riley still didn't get much credit when he decided to stay with his regulars—except newly acquired Steve Mix, who replaced Forward Kurt Rambis—at the start of the fourth quarter of the second game, while Ramsay rested his starting guards, Jim Paxson and Darnell Valentine. "When I saw them coming in with subs, I told the players this was the time to make our run," Riley said later. "Hey, this is winning time. The players can rest in the summer."

The Lakers came from four down at the end of the third period to go ahead by three points early in the fourth, while Paxson and Valentine were on the bench. Abdul-Jabbar played 44 minutes, including the entire second half, and hit 15 of 20 shots for 37 points while leading the Lakers in assists with seven and blocks with three. "It wasn't only that he got a lot of points," said Wilkes, "it was when and how he got them. Everybody was banging on him, but he was determined we weren't going to lose." Portland still had a chance to win at the end, but when Valentine traveled and dribbled the ball into Nixon's hands on successive plays, the Trail Blazers ran out of time and lost 112-106. "Kareem was just incredible," Ramsay said. "I don't know if I've ever seen him play as well, and I've seen him have some great games."

Ramsay took solace from the play of Forward Calvin Natt in the second game.

Wilkes, here avoiding an onrushing (Kenzy) Carr, chipped in with 28 points in Game 3.





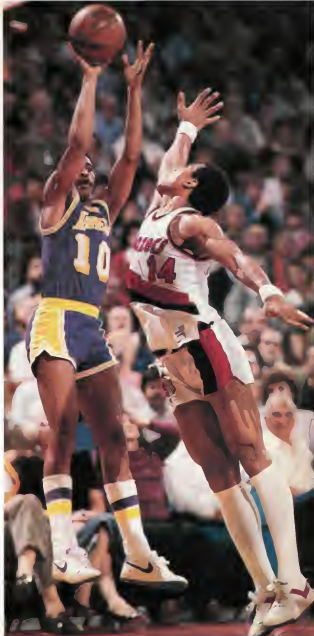
Natt, whose beard and flattened nose give him a Zeuslike look, seldom gets attention. The Blazers' second-leading scorer behind Paxson this season, with 20.4 points per game, Natt is a gun enthusiast who owns between 70 and 80 firearms—"I don't collect 'em, I just shoot 'em," he says—and he was asked last week what kind of weapon he'd fire to stop the Lakers. "I'd just use my sling-shot to hit Kareem in the back of the head and give him a migraine," he said, referring to the sort of headache that periodically afflicts Abdul-Jabbar.

Unfortunately for Natt, after Game 3 the Blazers were the ones in pain. Finally playing at home in front of one of their high-decibel sellout crowds—their 271st straight of 12,666, dating back six years—the Trail Blazers continued to double- and triple-team Abdul-Jabbar, just as they had in the previous game, and it finally began to pay off. During regulation time, Cooper and Thompson held, pounded and did everything but dance with Abdul-Jabbar, and after four quarters the game was a 98-98 standoff. But in overtime Abdul-Jabbar scored nine of the Lakers' 13 points and L.A. won 115-109. He shot three times from the floor and hit twice—the second basket being the most crucial of an evening that throbbled with excitement—and added five free throws to complete a 30-point performance.

The Lakers had built a modest lead in the first half by running at every opportunity, but this time Portland countered with a break of its own. Los Angeles went ahead 42-37 on a Coop-a-Loop lob pass from Nixon to Michael Cooper in the second quarter. The ball was thrown several feet behind Cooper's head, and he had to reach back to haul it in and throw it down. It was a miraculous play, and it seemed to galvanize the Lakers and quiet the crowd. But they were back in full cry during the third period when Paxson hit two quick baskets and gave Portland the lead, 73-72. The Blazers quickly widened that to nine in the fourth quarter, 89-80, and appeared to have the game under control until Riley went to a pressing defense that got L.A. back into its running game. After a short rest, Abdul-Jabbar came back in with 7:03 to play,

continued

Nixon shot below his norm (.475) but made up for it with 10 assists in the third game.



and the Lakers then went on a 14-2 tear for a 94-91 lead with 2:35 left.

Nixon and Valentine exchanged pressure jumpers in the final 63 seconds, before Cooper found Wilkes alone in the corner on an inbounds play. Wilkes stood for a moment, measuring the distance, and then flipped up a jumper with seven seconds left in regulation to put Los Angeles ahead 98-97. Valentine was fouled by Abdul-Jabbar almost immediately and had a chance to clinch a victory with a pair of free throws at 0:03, but he missed the second, forcing the game into overtime. Portland was within three points with less than a minute to play in OT, but with 41 seconds left and just one

Rambis was productive, if never pretty.



second showing on the 24-second clock. Abdul-Jabbar canned a 16-foot skyhook. "I came out there so I wouldn't be under a lot of pressure," he said later. "Sixteen feet is my range. If I shot it any deeper than that, Riley's hair would fall out." The ball touched nothing but net, giving the Lakers a 111-106 lead and locking up victory No. 3.

The next morning at breakfast, Riley was feeling cocky enough to question some of "the master's" tactics and to look ahead to a conference-final series with San Antonio. "I really think a team

makes a mistake by showing so much respect for one player that they don't respect the other players," he said. "It breaks down your defense. Besides, I don't think anybody has really worked Kareem in this series. Cooper has been a stationary target, so Kareem has actually rested on defense. They might as well put Cooper on the side of the court. With him matched against Kareem, their offense really became obsolete."

Wilkes had scored 28 points while holding Paxson, who had 22 in the game, to just two in the fourth and extra peri-



Valentine's jumper with 10 seconds left in Game 3 gave Portland a 97-96 lead.

ods. And Landsberger had come through with seven rebounds in 10 minutes of the first half. "These seven or eight guys are starting to become a unit," Riley said. "And people forget that with the exception of Rambis, this is basically the same group that won the championship three years ago. It's not a bad team."

Commenting on the Trail Blazers' insistence throughout the series that they could defeat the Lakers, Riley said, "Any time I hear a team say, 'We know we can

beat them,' I like that, because that's the mark of a very insecure team." A moment later he was talking about San Antonio, a team the Lakers swept 4-0 on the way to the championship last season. "We humiliated them last year," Riley said. "And I believe quickness, in the long run, will beat size and strength."

13 for 19 from the field, scored 34 points and blocked eight shots. "It's a sad thing when a great player can't play his game," Riley said. "I don't mind aggressive defense, but they're wheeling four and five guys in there whose goal is to foul."

Ramsay, resplendent in pink pants, shirt and forehead, turned purple when



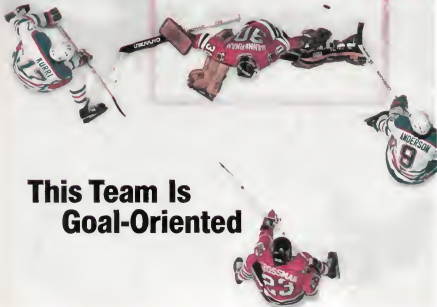
Lafayette Lever's ambition and drive in Game 2 were anything but tongue in cheek.

Then Riley paused for a moment and added almost absentmindedly, "We know we can beat San Antonio. We know we can."

But Riley still had a game to extract from Portland, and after the Blazers won Sunday to stay alive, he was incensed by what he claimed was defensive mugging of Abdul-Jabbar—who nevertheless shot

he heard of Riley's complaints. "If I ever send a hit man to get somebody—and that's not my style—I'll tell the coach first," Ramsay said. "If Pat has something to say, he should say it to my face, if he has the courage."

Abdul-Jabbar himself took the fussing in stride. His actions were speaking quite a bit louder than words.



## This Team Is Goal-Oriented

**I**t was a typically spectacular Edmonton goal, born of the speed and spontaneity that characterize the most explosive offense in the NHL. In the third period of Game 2 of the Stanley Cup semifinals between the Oilers and the Chicago Black Hawks on April 26, Edmonton Left Wing Glenn Anderson took a pass from Wayne Gretzky, banked the puck off the right

boards, split Hawk defenseman Doug Crossman and Greg Fox and collected the puck as it caromed off the boards. Anderson then beat Chicago Goaltie Murray Bannerman with a forehand fake and backhand finish low to the right side, as pictured above. That goal, Anderson's third of four in the game, gave Edmonton a 6-2 lead en route to an 8-2 victory.

Two nights earlier the Oilers had defeated Chicago 8-4, and last Sunday they won again, 3-2, to move within a game of sweeping the best-of-seven series.

"Three of Glenn's goals came on sheer speed; he just outskated the defensemen," said Edmonton Coach Glen Sather. "That's typical of our club. Our guys are fast. And the guys who don't



Their record-shattering offense gave the Oilers a 3-0 lead over the Hawks in the NHL playoffs

by JACK FALLA

the most potent offense in NHL history. During the regular season they scored a league-record 424 goals for a 5.3 goals-a-game average. The previous mark of 417 goals had been set by Edmonton in 1981-82. As for the playoffs, the Oilers had 67 goals after 11 games for a 6.09 average. That's nearly a goal a game more than the 1980-81 New York Islanders got when they set the NHL postseason goal-scoring record with 97 in 18 games.

Through Sunday, Edmonton had broken or tied 15 league playoff scoring records, including most goals by a team in one series (35 while eliminating Calgary four games to one in the second round); most points by a player in one game (seven—four goals and three assists—by Gretzky on April 17 against Calgary); most three-goal games by an individual in one playoff season (three by Left Wing Mark Messier); and most shorthanded goals in one playoff season (10). The Oilers' penalty killers have been so explosive that after back-to-back Jari Kurri-from-Gretzky goals during the same Chicago power play in Game 1, Hawk Coach Orval Tessier joked about asking the league "if I can decline the penalty."

Penalties, however, weren't Chicago's problem. The Hawks' main difficulty in the first three games was that what little offense they did generate came from their so-called Party Line of Al Secord, Denis Savard and Steve Larmer. They had half of Chicago's eight goals as Edmonton checking and possession play virtually shut down the rest of the Hawk forwards. By contrast, the Oilers got help from many sources. In Game 3, for instance, Charlie Huddy and Don Jackson scored the first two goals by Edmonton defencemen in the series. Anderson had the winner and goaltender Andy Moog kicked away 39 shots to lower his playoff goals-against average to 2.77.

"We have a lot of guys peaking at the same time," says Gretzky, who at week's end was the leading scorer in the playoffs with 11 goals and 20 assists. Last season, when the lowly Los Angeles Kings upset Edmonton in the first round, he told Edmonton fans, "We owe you one." On several occasions this season, Gretzky has said that the Oilers "want to prove

we can come up big in the playoffs."

Although Edmonton seems to be well on its way to providing that proof, some observers insist that the Oilers are winning not because they're playing well but because their opponents are playing poorly. Tessier implied as much after Game 2, when he said he planned to "put in a call to the Mayo Clinic and order up 18 heart transplants" for his players. Says Campbell Conference Director of Information Mike Griffin, "I've heard it all year, and I can't buy it anymore. The Oilers have a great year, and all I hear is that it's because they play 32 Smythe Division games against L.A., Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver [all of which had losing records]. Then they beat Winnipeg in three straight, and I hear, 'Well, Calgary is a lot more disciplined.' So they out-score Calgary 35 to 13, and I hear, 'Wait'll they play Chicago.' Now they score 19 goals in three games on the fourth-best defensive team in the league. What's it going to take to make people realize this is an exceptional team?"

The same thing it takes for any team to prove itself—a Stanley Cup. Prevailing wisdom says that defense still wins championships, and Edmonton finished 11th in defense in the regular season, giving up nearly four goals a game. No team has ever yielded so many goals per game and won the Cup. Assuming the Oilers get past Chicago, they'll face the Islanders or the Boston Bruins, who were first and second, respectively, in the league in defense. The Islanders won all three of their regular-season games with Edmonton, and the Bruins have gone 10-1-3 against the Oilers over the past four years. New York and Boston are both forecheck-crazy teams that figure to keep their forwards in the faces of the Edmonton defencemen in an effort to choke off the Oiler offense before it gets started.

One might keep in mind that the NHL's last goal-scoring machine, the 1970-71 Orr-and-Esposito Bruins, whose regular-season scoring record the Oilers broke in 1981-82, didn't win the Cup. Consequently, that club is occasionally referred to as The Greatest Team That Never Was. Thus far, Edmonton is The Greatest Team That Isn't—Yet. ■

have the puck are moving just as fast as the ones who do."

Sather has permitted the Oilers to abandon the time-honored conservative, close-checking approach to playoff hockey in favor of the swirling, possession-oriented Euro-hockey that Edmonton has played so well all season. As a result, the Oilers have staked a claim to having

# For Ryan, It Was A Very Special K

Houston's Nolan Ryan became baseball's leading strikeout pitcher, surpassing Walter Johnson, whose record had stood for 56 years

by JIM KAPLAN

I t was a perfect setup for a strikeout record: a dominant pitcher against an out-matched hitter. On the mound at Montreal's Olympic Stadium the afternoon of April 27 was Houston nighthander Nolan Ryan, just one K away from replacing Walter Johnson as baseball's all-time strikeout leader. The sainted Senator had assumed the lead in 1921, with 2,820, when he passed one Denton True (Cy) Young, and had 3,508 when he retired six years later.

At the plate was Brad Mills, a substitute infielder with 154 at bats in the big leagues. Expo Manager Bill Virdon had summoned the lefthand-batting Mills to hit for the righthanded Doug Flynn. Mills had singled off Ryan in their only previous encounter, last season in Houston. But Mills was struggling now, and Flynn had never struck out against Ryan. So much for baseball's book of percentages.

Ryan walked around behind the mound, telling himself not to rush his delivery. He braced on the rubber, raised his hands over his head, tucked his left knee under his chin and threw with his simple and fluid motion, leading with his left foot, shifting his weight and releasing the ball with his right arm at an 11 o'clock position. In came a fastball over the outside corner for a called strike. Now a curve, low and inside, but Mills

couldn't stop his swing. Strike two. Ryan wasted a fastball outside. One and two. Tugging at his cap, Ryan walked off and on the mound and shivered like a dog shaking off water as he looked in for the sign. A big, sidwinding curve over the outside corner. Called strike three!

In the crazy quilt of activity that followed, no two characters seemed to mesh. Mills stood forlornly. "I was looking for a fastball, he threw a curve and I got vapor-locked," he said later. Umpire Bob Engel was animated. He turned and threw a hard right jab—a memorable thumb for a record-breaking strikeout. As the 19,309 fans at Olympic Stadium rose to cheer, Ryan hesitantly raised his hat. Meanwhile, stot as monuments, giant likenesses of Ryan and Johnson appeared on the electronic scoreboard in centerfield.

Like Johnson before him, Ryan is a modest and clean-living young man from rural America who has pitched uncomplainingly for generally mediocre teams. He was born in 1947, the year after Johnson died. As Johnson did, Ryan relies primarily on big heat. Johnson was the celebrated Big Train; Ryan—Nolie or Tex to his teammates—throws the Ryan Express. Oh, there are differences. John-



son threw almost nothing but a sidearm fastball, which all but blinded the hitters of his day. "You can't hit what you can't see," former American Leaguer Ping Bodie marveled. Ryan goes over the top and throws a nifty curve about 30% of the time. But Johnson and Ryan will forever be linked as the most overpowering pitchers of their time.

Still, baseball men debate the importance of the strikeout record. "Three thousand strikeouts is the equivalent of 3,000 hits," says Seattle Pitcher Gaylord Perry, who at week's end was just 42 short of Ryan's 3,509. "Strikeouts are important if you need them to win a game, but I don't know if they're a measure of how good a pitcher is," says Hall of Famer Bob Gibson, one of seven mem-



After Mills had become victim No. 3,509, Ryan traded salutations with the Montreal crowd.

bers of the exclusive 3,000 Strikeout Club. "Wins and losses are the important thing," says Atlanta's Phil Niekro. But Cincinnati's Frank Pastore counters, "With wins, you're dependent on your team. You can get the strikeouts yourself."

The record could not have come at a better time for both Houston and Ryan. The Astros went 3-16 in spring training and lost their first nine games of the season, in part be-

cause Ryan missed three weeks with prostatitis. "When he plays, Nolan always has a positive effect on the team," says Houston General Manager Al Rosen. "He's like Joe DiMaggio—not a holier guy, but a leader. You respond to him. There's a sense of majesty, like Affirmed at the post."

Ryan's first 1983 start didn't come until the 12th game of the season. He set down the Expos 6-3, getting seven strikeouts in six innings. The Astros responded by winning six of their next nine. With Ryan eight short of the mark, 32,130 fans—nearly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times the average Astrodome crowd this season—lined up for his April 22 start against the Phillies. Ryan was so nervous before the game he put on his jersey backward. Then he ad-

*continued*

mittedly tried too hard, walking six, striking out only three and losing 6-3. "People expected him to get eight strikeouts when he'd hardly pitched at all [8½ innings] in spring training and just one game in the season," says his wife Ruth. "That was really a lot to hope for."

The conditions and premonitions were better in Montreal. The Astros awoke Wednesday out of last place for the first time all year. "We're not Astros anymore," said Pitcher Joe Niekro. The previous afternoon Bob Knepper had shut out the Expos 2-0, although he walked the leadoff batter in five different innings. "Not your basic game plan,"

As the game started, Ryan had the advantage of pitching out of a crescent of sunlight to hitters standing in shade. In the second inning he whiffed Tim Lincecum and Tim Lincecum on fastballs to move within two of Johnson's record.

It wasn't long, though, before the shadows crept out past Ryan, and he lost his rhythm. Over the next five innings he struck out just one more batter, Shortstop Bryan Little. Fortunately, the Astros had a 4-2 lead, so Manager Bob Lillis wasn't looking to his bullpen. Unfortunately, Ryan developed a blister on the middle finger of his pitching hand in the seventh. He popped and cleaned it, but

They were almost as tense in the eighth inning at Montreal when Ryan suddenly had his rhythm back. He threw two dazzling called strikes and a ball to Blackwell, who then fouled off a fastball and took two more balls. Finally Ryan fanned him with a fastball to tie Johnson's record. Mills followed to become Ryan's reluctant partner in history.

"This will probably have to rate as my third-best record," Ryan says. "The five no-hitters stand alone, and I like 383 strikeouts in one season [1973 with California] because I did it without facing any pitchers. But this record will call attention to me that hasn't come before.



After a 16-year haul, Ryan's Express pulled even with the Big Train when Ryan struck out Blackwell for the second time, in the eighth.

said Knepper. On the bus to the park Wednesday morning Ryan kidded Knepper about his win, but recalled that he himself had walked eight batters in one of his record five no-hitters. "I knew you'd find a way to get your no-hitters into the conversation," Knepper said. Ryan laughed. This time he was plainly at ease.

Ryan was following his game-day routine: an early pancake breakfast and then a lengthy rubdown from trainer Doc Ewell. An hour before game time, with a Willie Nelson tape playing "All of me, why not take all of me?" Ryan stretched and strengthened himself in the weight room: a few seconds hanging from a bar, some elevated sit-ups, a little weight training on his legs and arms and, above all, much limbering of his massive thighs like a runner. "Just to stay loose," he said. "Nobody lives a better life," says Ewell, who has been in baseball 45 years.

he doubted he could go more than one more inning.

There have been many dramatic moments in Ryan's career. As a Met in 1969, he produced the last out of the third game of the World Series by fooling Paul Blair on a curve after throwing two fastballs for strikes. The night before the 1981 strike began, Ryan faced Pete Rose, who needed two hits to break Stan Musial's National League record. Ryan yielded Rose a single and then fanned him three times, throwing so hard that, in his second at bat, Rose didn't even bother to swing. Later, Ryan tipped his hat and Rose nodded back—two splendid gestures of mutual respect before play stopped for eight weeks. On Sept. 26 that year, against the Dodgers, Ryan threw his fifth no-hitter. "We were white-knuckled in the dugout," says Astro reliever Dave Smith.


Once they've studied the record and seen that I did it in less than 16 seasons, when it took Johnson 21, people will realize how durable I've been. A lot of people haven't found many positive things to say about me. They talk about Nolan Ryan being a wild .500 pitcher who just goes for strikeouts."

True. Ryan's lifetime record is only 207-187, but in 15 full seasons with the Mets (1968-71), Angels (1972-79) and Astros (1980-82) he has been 20 games over .500 while, without Ryan's stats, his teams have been 14 games under. During the past 11 seasons, he has had nine winning records.

"I definitely beat myself sometimes with walks," admits Ryan, who has given up a record 1,933. But he has cut down on bases on balls over the past four years since learning to get ahead of hitters and to use his curve as an out-pitch.

continued





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It's also true that he tries to overpower hitters rather than finesse them. But who can blame him? He throws almost as hard (97 mph) at 36 as he did a decade ago (100%), and he's faster in late innings than in early ones.

"Nolan's not a pitcher like Seaver or Sutton," says Knepper. "He's a thrower, but it works for him. His modes are different, his thinking is different. He just comes at you. But give him credit. You can't imagine how determined you have to be to throw your hardest fastball every time. It takes incredible concentration."

Some experts attribute Ryan's durability to weight control (he never gains more than five pounds, even during the off-season); others, to his legs (through six years of Army Reserve duty he was undefeated at Indian leg wrestling); others, to his delivery ("He always takes the strain off his arm," says Seaver). Ryan rarely gets arm trouble because he shuns winter ball and applies ice to both his shoulder and elbow after pitching. But all the explanations seem irrelevant in the face of Ryan's pure physical prowess. "It's just amazing," says Montreal Centerfielder Andre Dawson, "that he can throw so hard at his age."

Ryan's latest record should erase any doubt that he belongs in the Hall of Fame. Then why was the celebration in Montreal so subdued? The cheering lasted less than 90 seconds, and Third Baseman Phil Garner and Catcher Alan Ashby were the only teammates to shake Ryan's hand before he came off the field. Asked how he would celebrate, Ryan said, "Go to Philadelphia." On the plane en route, the co-pilot at first announced that Ryan had set a home-run record.

One reason the celebration was brief was because Johnson's record will fall again and again. Perry and Philadelphia's Steve Carlton should both pass Johnson this year, and Carlton should also pass Ryan. The 44-year-old Perry, who's averaging 2.5 strikeouts per start this season and, like Ryan, pitching every fifth game, will break the Johnson mark by Aug. 1 if he lasts that long. Carlton (3,488), who's averaging nine strikeouts and pitching every fourth game, should leave Johnson behind on May 13 against Chicago and Ryan on May 22 against San Diego—unless Ryan picks up his five strike-outs pace.

Six of the top eight alltime strikeout leaders—Ryan, Carlton, Perry, Seaver, Ferguson Jenkins and Don Sutton—are



The Astros' subdued celebration consisted of glad hands from Ashby (left) and Garner.

still active. Certainly this is the era for strikeout record-breaking. Back in 1930 there were 9.17 strikeouts per 100 at bats; last season there were 14.72. The Lau school of contact hitting may eventually cut into the K-ratio, but by and large modern hitters aren't the least bit reluctant to swing from the heels.

"There's not a moral victory in not striking out anymore," says the legendary Bob Feller, who had a 98.6-mph fastball and would probably have broken Johnson's mark if he hadn't missed nearly four full seasons during World War II. The facts support Feller's thesis: The top 20 strikeout victims all started their careers after 1950. Furthermore, relief pitching widens the gap between eras even further, because starters now throw as hard as they can for as long as they can. And yes, expanding from 16 teams and 400 players to 26 and 650 put more patsy batters on major league rosters. No wonder Ryan's unprecedented lifetime average of 9.44 strikeouts per nine innings is far ahead of Johnson's (5.33) and Feller's (6.07).

Though many a modern pitcher has a chance to crack Walter Johnson's record,

the alltime mark will almost surely reside with Ryan or Carlton. "I expect Carlton to get it," says Ryan. "I'm two years younger than he is, but he pitches more often than I do. He's just signed a four-year contract, and I don't anticipate pitching for four or five more years." But Ryan didn't anticipate pitching until he was 36, either.

The race could boil down to one of heads as well as arms. Philly Strength and Flexibility Teacher Gus Hoefling says Carlton, who's even more fanatical than Ryan about physical conditioning, wants to pitch another 10 years, though six would seem more realistic. Carlton will make any adjustments necessary to keep pitching.

Ryan, who hopes to negotiate a two- or three-year contract after his current one expires this year, admits his plans are subject to change. A quietly macho man, he prefers going maza a maza with sluggers to working on contact hitters; he says he'll never throw relief or develop a new pitch to prolong his career. When his Express becomes a local, that will be all. "But when will he slow down?" asks Knepper. "When will he?"

# It's About As Clear As Mud

The Kentucky Derby is just around the corner and all the preps have been run, but no solid favorite has emerged from the mire **by WILLIAM NACK**

**T**he ending was devilishly fitting. The confusion of the spring came down to the final 300 yards of the one-mile Derby Trial at Churchill Downs last Saturday, the last major prep race leading to this Saturday's 1 1/4-mile Kentucky Derby. Trainer D. Wayne Lukas was giving his speedball, Total Departure, one final

tightener before the Derby, while trainer Woody Stephens was using the Trial as the last calisthenic for his main Derby hope, Chumming, and for Caveat, a nice colt who had won three races on the grass but was still a maiden on the dirt.

"Caveat ran in the slop here last year and he finished third," Stephens said be-

fore the Trial, after torrential rains had ceased. "I wasn't pleased with his race. But you have to run him or train him, and I might as well run him." In this peculiar year, in which a lot of 3-year-olds have knocked and said hello but few have stayed for dinner, this was to be Chum-

In the Blue Grass, Velasquez tried to straighten



ming's announcement that he was indeed a Derby horse. And the same for Total Departure, and maybe Pax In Bello. But Caveat? Forget him.

Then there they were, pounding over the mud 300 yards from the wire, with Total Departure leading Pax In Bello by half a length, 102 to 1 shot Le Cou Cou chugging along in third, Chumming swimming for a life raft and, and . . . yes! Down the middle of the track, coming from somewhere to the east of Eden, Caveat began to gain on the leaders. Dead last down the backstretch, he was sud-

denly right there. He collared Total Departure in the final yards and won the race from him by a head. Thus Caveat broke his maiden on the dirt and gave notice that he was a Derby horse. Knock, knock. Hello, Join the gang.

Nine years before, Stephens had saddled Cannonade and won the 100th running of the Kentucky Derby. Now here he was at Churchill Downs again, with one of Cannonade's sons, Caveat. "This gives me a shot at the Derby, anyway," Stephens said. "I'm pretty sure he'll get the mile and a quarter. His daddy loved

Churchill Downs. Maybe he does, too. But I still can't throw Chumming out. He just didn't run his race."

Such has been the way of this season's 3-year-olds, an unpretentious rack of fur coats with so far not an ermine among them. Or so, as April gave way to May, it seemed. While short on individual brilliance, the class of '83 offered the consolation of being deliciously competitive.

The Trial was the fourth straight Derby prep to end in a desperate photo finish. In the first division of the April 23 Wood Memorial at Aqueduct, Bounding

*continued*

Marta (left), but couldn't keep him from crowding Desert Wine and then cutting off Copeian, allowing Play Fellow (right) to win.





Caveat sneaked up on the outside to squeak by Pax In Bello (10) and Total Departure in the Trial.

#### DERBY DILEMMA *continued*

Basque and Country Pine clung to each other through the last eighth before Basque won by a nose. Slew O' Gold beat Parfaitement by a neck in the Wood's second division, after another corking long drive. Five days later, in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, Play Fellow beat Marfa by a nose. Then came the Trial. Lord knows the last time, if ever, that four such preliminaries were decided by a total of less than half a length.

This Kentucky Derby is as wide open as the gates of Churchill Downs will be on Saturday. The prospect is of a parimutuel banana split, with enough nuts and flavors to suit everyone with \$2 to wager. There will be legitimate speed horses up front, in Total Departure, Parfaitement and Desert Wine; and horses that come from off the pace, in Marfa, Balboa Native, Play Fellow, Current Hope and Caveat. Chumming and Slew O' Gold have sufficient speed to lay close to the leaders. And the front-running winner of the Arkansas Derby on April 16, Sunny's Halo, has both the speed to take the lead and the patience to step aside and let the others hang out laundry.

"I think I have the best horse in the race," said David Cross Jr., Sunny's Halo's trainer. "He's a big, strong, macho s.o.b., all stud, and he's got two buttons on him, which is beautiful. He can go to

the lead or he can come from off it."

Nonetheless, the trainer of the hour is the gifted California horseman, Lukas. Last fall, after the death of his superb 2-year-old filly, Landaluce, Lukas plunged into a horrendous slump. Distracted by grief, he temporarily lost touch with his horses. However, Lukas not only regained hold of his stable over the winter, but by early spring he was targeting three colts for the Kentucky Derby.

Not since 1946, when Maine Chance Farm ran Lord Boswell (fourth), Knockdown (fifth) and Perfect Bohram (ninth), has a trainer saddled a threesome for the Derby. But on the eve of the 109th running, Lukas has the favored entry of Marfa, Balboa Native and Total Departure.

Total Departure and Parfaitement, separately or between them, will surely set enough pace to keep the Derby honest from the get-go to at least the quarter pole on the turn for home. Though he gave a dead-game performance right to the wire in the Trial, it nonetheless remains questionable whether Total Departure—a son of the sprinter Greek Answer—will

want much to do with the last two furlongs of the Derby.

The liveliest wire in the Lukas entry is Marfa, a gray son of 1975 Derby winner Foolish Pleasure—in his day a fast horse of uncommon gameness. No colt in this Derby has shown more enthusiasm for his job than Marfa. "He's a horse that needs very little work," Lukas says. "He puts too much into it every morning. You try to unwind him, not wind him up."

Marfa goes after everything with gusto, even other horses. A kind of shrewd bully, he's also belligerent in the heat of battle. "He's not a mean horse," Lukas says. "He's gentle in his stall. But Marfa is like an overactive kid. Once in a while he needs his ass whipped. But he respects that and he straightens right out. A

bully he can be, but not mean. He can aggravate you, that's for sure. He aggravates me. It's a funny thing about athletes and horses. When you channel that and put it in the right direction, it works in your favor. A timid athlete and a timid horse never do much."

Timid Marfa isn't. During the post pa-



Musky is just about the only dog in Stephens' barn.



rade on the March 16 Santa Catalina Stakes at Santa Anita, he took exception to his handlers. "He had a personality conflict with the pony and the pony girl," Lukas recalls. "She got to jerking on him and he went to chewing on the pony, and the pony went to chewing on him. When he got to the gate, he was flat mad." Marfa finished fourth.

In his next start, the Jam Beam Spiral Stakes at Latonia, he ran up alongside Noble Home in the stretch, moved over and tried to bite him. Marfa's jockey, Jorge Velasquez, prilled him off in time, but had to check him sharply. When the colt got to running again, though, he won by eight. In the Santa Anita Derby, Velasquez hit him left-handed turning for home, and Marfa tried to lug in again, but not as badly. He won off by three.

In the rain-swept Blue Grass, running over a chocolate mouse, he got into trouble again. Velasquez neglected to whip him on the port side and didn't swing him wide enough at the last turn. As Marfa swept to the leaders, he bore in first brushing Desert Wine, then cutting him off and subsequently cutting off Capitan. "I had to pull him up twice," Velasquez said. He shrugged and added jokingly, "I guess I need a bigger whip." Before all that foolishness, Marfa looked as if he'd won the Blue Grass by three. As it turned out, he finally locked horns with Play Fellow in the drive and just missed by a nose. The stewards dropped Marfa back to fourth, but the race suggested that he would be the horse to beat at the Downs. "If he runs straight, he'll win the Derby," Velasquez says.

Even so, Marfa is going to have to reach way down to beat the three other solid Derby contenders—Sunny's Halo, Play Fellow and Caveat—and even then he may still have to deal with Parfaitement, Chumming, Slew O' Gold, Pax In Bello or even his own stablemate, Balheza Native. It doesn't appear that he'll have to make a run at the undefeated filly Princess Rooney, who may be the best of the whole bunch but whose trainer, Frank Gomez, says she'll take on fillies on the Kentucky Oaks on Friday. She should beat them easily.

Sunny's Halo, a son of Halo, a good grass horse who liked to go a distance, is certainly the most enigmatic colt in this Derby. Off his front-running triumph at the Arkansas, he might also be the best. But no winner of that Derby has ever won the big cigar in Louisville, so Cross

is bucking history in bringing Sunny's Halo to Churchill Downs by way of Hot Springs.

"You hear a lot of people talking about that," says handicapper Andrew Beyer, the racing columnist for *The Washington Post*, "but in terms of the Derby, that's not as valid as the question: 'How many horses have won the Derby with only two prep races behind them?'"

Not many. Sunny's Halo won five of 11 races last year, but his biggest outings were in Canada, against weak fields, and he was plagued with a wrenched ankle and then bucked shins. He raced poorly in his last two 1982 races in the U.S., so Cross spent a long slow winter with him at Hollywood Park, alternately swimming the colt in a pool and sending him out on gallops. With his eye on Kentucky, Cross shipped Sunny's Halo to Oaklawn Park in Arkansas. He won the Rebel Handicap by three on March 26.

Three weeks later, in perhaps the most definitive performance by a 3-year-old, he carried 126 pounds, Kentucky Derby weight, and won the Arkansas Derby, whipping Caveat by four lengths, in 1:49  $\frac{3}{8}$  for the nine furlongs. "It wouldn't have mattered how far they were going," Cross says. "He was going to win anyway. He would have won going a mile and a quarter."

Those are the only two starts Sunny's Halo has had this year, raising questions about his conditioning. "All that horse has to do," says Cross, "is come up empty in the Kentucky Derby and you know people are going to say, 'Why didn't he go in the Blue Grass? Or the Wood? Or the Derby Trial?' Well, I know the horse. I know how to train the horse. Three weeks between races is beautiful. He's a fit horse."

"Right now, to me, he could be the favorite," says Stephens. "Both his races were big in Hot Springs. If he doesn't have to have the lead, he'll be all right."

"He doesn't have to," says Cross. "He has three two buttons."



The Derby sun could shine bright on Sunny's Halo.

Play Fellow has only one button, but it worked to get him home in the Blue Grass for his first stakes victory. Trainer Harvey Vaner raced the colt lightly last year to give him a chance to get his legs. "He was growthy, underdeveloped," says Vaner. Play Fellow had won two allowance races at Gulfstream Park this winter, after finishing second in another, when Vaner put him in the 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ -mile Everglades Stakes on March 19 at Hialeah. It was the colt's first time around two turns and he finished third, beaten half a

continued

## MIN. TO POST



Murfa (left) ambles leisurely with Lukas (right).

length after closing with a rush. "Raced awful green," says Vanier.

Two weeks later, on the Flamingo at Hialeah, Play Fellow took the worst of it, finishing 10th but beaten only 3½ lengths. First his jockey, Jean Cruquet, lost a stirrup at the gate, then the colt hit the rail on the first turn, and he got stopped at the bend for home. "I hate to make excuses, but he had a rough trip," Vanier says. In the Blue Grass, Play Fellow had clear sailing, he scooted along the rail to get the lead racing to the stretch, and, while Murfa was ducking into Desert Wine, won in that long drive.

The Blue Grass was a race that Vanier and his longtime assistant, Russell McCabe, had been wanting to win forever. "We've been waiting 80 years," McCabe says. "I've been waiting 40 and Harvey's been waiting 40. That's 80, isn't it? We're hometown boys." A couple of hours after the Blue Grass, seeing Vanier

being interviewed on TV, McCabe laughed and said, "Look at him on TV. If he walked down Fifth Avenue wearing \$10,000 worth of clothes, I could pick him out by the way he walks. He's country."

Play Fellow, a son of the route-running On The Sly, is a legitimate Derby contender. So is Slew O' Gold, the richly-bred son of the 1977 Triple Crown winner, Seattle Slew. But Slew O' Gold has started only seven times—the Wood was his first stakes win—and again the question is whether he's far enough along to get the job done.

The third horse in the Lukas-trained entry, Balboa Native, has as good a chance as any of the outside choices. After three races in California, of which he won one in allowance company, Lukas sent him out to win the 1½-mile Louisiana Derby. Balboa Native came back 20 days later and finished seventh in the Arkansas Derby, beaten 10¾ lengths by Sunny's Halo, but Lukas figures that the Louisiana race, coupled with the shipping to Arkansas, might have dulled him.

Lukas didn't bring Balboa Native to Kentucky just to see the sights and smell the clover. "Could be the surprise horse," the trainer says. "He's got all the pluses going

for him in the Derby. We know he can run that far. The [long] stretch is conducive to his style. The pace will be very legitimate. No one will be loping along on an easy lead. And he's sound and he's strong and he's dead fit."

Parfaitement is a puzzle. He won five of six last year at Keystone Race Track in Pennsylvania, but he has raced only three times in 1983, opening his campaign with a 5½-length victory in the Woodstock Stakes in Canada on April 2. Thirteen days later he beat older horses at Aqueduct. Off just that, Parfaitement ran his eyeballs out in the Wood. "The Wood was good for him," trainer Bill Boniface says. "I think he'll really profit from it. He wouldn't have blown out a match after his first start in Canada. This time a horse [Slew O' Gold] hooked him and he had to use himself." Like Sunny's Halo, Parfaitement is a son of Halo and bred to go a distance.

Pux In Bello won \$243,923 last year, and in his last start beat Chumming in the 1½-mile Remsen at Aqueduct, but the Derby Trial, in which he finished third, was only his third race this year. The rule is that a horse has to be in top condition to win the Kentucky Derby, and the doubts that linger about several of this year's contenders stem simply from how little they've done.

If there was ever a year for the rules to be suspended, however, this is it. So the pick here is Sunny's Halo.

END



Will Princess Rooney, perhaps the best of them all, give the raspberry to the Derby boys?

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Not too long ago, Bill Madlock was known, if he was known at all, as a troublemaker and sorehead. In fact, last Sunday—May Day—marked the third anniversary of the infamous glove facial that Madlock administered to Umpire Jerry Crawford. Long after the red on Crawford's nose faded, the incident marked Madlock as a villain and gave deeper meaning to his nickname, which was and still is Mad Dog.

Time heals all wounds. Today Mad Dog is one of the most respected players in the game and one of the better paid, with a guaranteed \$350,000 a year. He's Willie Stargell's successor as captain of the Pittsburgh Pirates and the only active athlete serving as an advisor to The President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. Madlock is also a collector of clocks, a fledgling restaurateur and a loving father of four, the fourth having arrived on April 21 in the nine-pound person of Jeremy Jacob.

As Lucius Seneca (not to be confused with Lew Fonseca) said some 1,900 years ago, "Time discovers truth." Time may have discovered the truth about Madlock, but the world at large hasn't as yet discovered Madlock—a third baseman with an incredibly compact swing who's one of three players in baseball history to have more batting titles (three) than invitations to the All-Star Game (two).

His lifetime batting average of .316 is the highest of any righthanded hitter in the majors, but also the highest overall in the National League, which unfortunately for Madlock happens to be the league in which Philadelphia's Mike Schmidt plays third and Pete Rose once starred at that position. Madlock is also the only righty to win the National League batting title in the last decade.

He has not only for average but with power as well. While finishing second in the batting race to Montreal's Al Oliver last year (.319 to .331), he had career highs in home runs, with 19, and RBIs, 95. His career totals stack up quite favorably with the much more famous George Brett, who broke into the majors a month before Madlock did, in September of

1973. Based on a 600-at-bat season, the Kansas City third baseman hits .31633 with 15 homers, 87 RBIs and 16 stolen bases. Madlock hits .31628 with 15 homers, 78 RBIs and 20 stolen bases. Nine RBIs a year does not seem to justify the discrepancy in publicity. "I'm actually getting used to being ignored," says Madlock. "It's nice in a way. Every year my wife, Cynthia, and I make reservations for Las Vegas at the All-Star break."

It would be one thing if all Madlock

Madlock is all smiles at his 200-year-old Scottish desk but is all business at the plate, as his .316 career average attests.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEER

was two he and Annie moved to Decatur, Ill. There his grandmother was helped in bringing him up by his aunt and uncle, Sarah and Wardie Sain.

At Dwight D. Eisenhower High in Decatur, he earned nine letters and the heart of Cynthia Johnson, even though she went to rival Stephen Decatur High. "He was on the shy side," she says, "but essentially the same person he is now." He was an all-state halfback—he rushed for five touchdowns in a game against Mattoon, none of them covering less than 50 yards—and in his senior year more than 100 schools checked him out with an eye to offering a football scholarship. Only two wanted him for baseball. For Madlock, the choice was easy. "I didn't want to have 6' 5", 250-pound guys bearing down on me, so I decided to play baseball," he says.

He and Cynthia married and moved to Keokuk, Iowa, where he attended Southwestern Iowa Community College. The St. Louis Cardinals drafted him in June

Belying his nickname, Pirate Bill Madlock has a rein on his explosive temper and a hold on the good life

by STEVE WULF

## Glad Times For Mad Dog

could do was hit. But he's a much better fielder than most people recognize—no third baseman in the league, Schmidt included, is better at handling bunts. When it comes to base running, Madlock not only can steal, but there isn't anyone who's better than he at breaking up double plays. He's so savvy on the field that Pittsburgh Manager Chuck Tanner entrusts him with the defensive signals.

It would be another thing if his personality were bland or dull. Madlock is anything but. He's eminently quotable: honest, forthright and humorous. For in-

stance, Madlock took a look at the Pirates' Opening Day roster and said, "Great. We have five catchers, one backup infielder and no defensive outfielders. But what do I know? I'm not the general manager."

Madlock, who usually gets off to a slow start during the baseball season, didn't get off to a great start in life, either. Born in Memphis on Jan. 12, 1951, he never knew his father, and before he was a month old, his mother gave him to her mother, Annie Polk, to raise. When Bill

1969 on the 14th round, but Madlock didn't like the idea of playing shortstop, his primary position, behind Dal Maxvill. "I figured he'd be there forever," says Madlock, who declined to sign. Sara, his first child, was born in December, and in January of '70, the Washington Senators—time does fly—selected him in the secondary phase of the draft.

The Senators sent him to Geneva, N.Y. in the summer. "We've had some bad times," says Madlock, "but Geneva was the worst." Says Cynthia, "Nobody wanted to rent a place to a black family."

*continued*



Madlock owns 32 clocks, but this Chinese pedestal model is his hands-down favorite.

#### BILL MADLOCK continued

The Madlocks lived in a boardinghouse and developed a friendship with the Yale first baseman on the team, Sieve Greenberg, son of Hank Greenberg. "I outlast him .277 to .269 and we both had six homers," says Greenberg, who's now Madlock's agent and the person for whom they named their oldest son.

At Pittsfield the next year, Madlock batted .234. "I would not have batted if they'd released me then and there," he says. "I was awful. I figured the quickest way to the majors was to be an infelder who hit home runs, when actually that was the quickest way back to Decatur." Madlock did have one notable moment that year, though. A gangly batter for Waterbury hit a triple, and when the Pittsfield pitcher tried to pick the oppo-

nent off third, Madlock slapped a hard tag on his head. "He chased me all the way into left field," Madlock recalls. "Good thing I didn't catch him," says 6' 5" Dave Parker, now the 5' 11" Madlock's closest friend.

Madlock turned things around at Pittsfield the next year, batting .328. "The guy I have to credit is Joe Klein, who was the manager at Pittsfield," says Madlock. "He stuck with me." Klein, now the general manager at Texas, declines any credit. "He just grew up, that's all," says Klein. "It was really a matter of toning him down. He already had that short swing, but he learned to be more selective. And he stayed aggressive. I'll say that. I still remember one fight we had with Waterbury that he was involved in."

In 1973 Madlock overwhelmed the Pacific Coast League, hitting .338 with 22

homers and 90 RBIs for Spokane while leading the league in runs and total bases. In September he was called up by the Rangers and batted .351 in 21 games. "On the plane back from our last road game," says Madlock, "Billy Martin, who was our manager, came up to me and told me that I would be his third baseman for years to come." A month later Madlock and Vic Harris were traded to the Chicago Cubs for Ferguson Jenkins. *Bad Trade No. 1.*

Madlock was not exactly welcomed with open arms by Chicago because 1) the Cubs traded Jenkins for him and 2) he was replacing Ron Santo at third. He was also coming off a horrible experience in the Dominican Republic, where the officials had threatened to put him in jail because he was hitting so badly they thought he was throwing games. "Parker saved me," says Madlock. "We were living together, and he told the Santiago club to leave me alone or he would leave. Fortunately, he was leading the league in batting at the time."

Madlock got off to his usual bad start at the plate and was, he admits, "terrible" in the field. But he hit .313 and in 1975 he batted .354 to become, at 24, the second-youngest player ever to win the league's batting title. He drove in 64 runs even though a badly bruised thumb kept him out of the lineup most of September. "I was still far from being a complete ballplayer," he says. "I would make two errors in a game, but I wouldn't care as long as I got my three hits. It's like that playing for a losing team." Madlock was named to the All-Star team that year and got the game-winning hit.

In 1976 Madlock repeated as batting champion, although this time it was a little harder. For one thing, he was mugged and robbed of \$50 outside the Waldorf-Astoria in New York with nine days to go in the season and had to check into a Chicago hospital with a slight concussion. And going into the final game of the season, he trailed Cincinnati's Ken Griffey by five points. The Reds decided to keep Griffey out of the lineup to protect his lead, but Madlock went out and went 4 for 4 to pass Griffey. When the Reds, who were keeping track, found out, they inserted Griffey in the lineup, and he went 0 for 2, so Madlock won the title, .339 to .336. The Cub who went to the All-Star Game that year was Catcher Steve Swisher, who batted .236.

After the season, Madlock became in-

*continued*

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volved in a contract dispute with the Cubs' 82-year-old owner Philip K. Wrigley. "I never really fit into the Cubs' image of a player," he says, "although you might think that after all those years of losing, they might want to change their image." It was the dawn of free agency, and Madlock and Greenberg were asking for a salary commensurate with that of a two-time batting champion. Wrigley then put Madlock on the block, saying, "We'll trade Madlock if another team is foolish enough to have him." Wrigley also predicted that Madlock would have

a very short career because of injuries. So on Feb. 11, 1977 Madlock and Infielder Rob Sperring were sent to the San Francisco Giants for Outfielder Bobby Murcer, Infielder Steve Onizveros and Pitcher Andrew Muhlstock. Bad Trade No. 2. Cynthia and Bill also had Child No. 3 (Douglas) in that off-season.

Madlock liked the Giants' organization, but he absolutely hated Candlestick Park. He hit .302 and .309 in 1977 and '78, but they were soft years with only 46 and 44 RBIs, respectively. In his second season in San Francisco, he played nearly

every game at second base. In the meantime, he was getting ejected a lot. In fact, Madlock was working on an unofficial major league record he still holds: most stadiums thrown out of (11) Dodger Stadium is believed to be the only one in which he hasn't received the boot.

Madlock remained with the Giants until June 28, 1979. A few days before, owner Bob Lurie, whom Madlock still respects, had told Greenberg it was safe for Madlock to put \$130,000 down on a house near San Fran-

cisco. Then Madlock was traded to Pittsburgh, along with Pitcher Dave Roberts and Infielder Lenny Randle, for pitchers Ed Whison, Al Holland and Fred Breining. Bad Trade No. 3.

"I remember very well when Bill came over," says Parker. "because just before the trade, Pete Peterson [the Pirates' executive vice-president] and Chuck Tanner called me and Stargell for a special meeting. Pete said he had a chance to get Madlock from the Giants and asked us what we thought of him as a player. At the same time, Willie and I said, 'If you get him, we'll win the division.'" Parker and Madlock are now neighbors in the bucolic suburb of Allison Park and in-laws of sorts—Parker's brother married Madlock's sister. Madlock also has another home in Decatur and a condominium in Sarasota, Fla.

In 85 games, Madlock batted .328 and fielded better than anyone thought possible. Even for the outspoken Madlock, the Pirates were a little hard to adjust to. "Though we were the Fan-blee," he says, "even then it wasn't exactly The Brady Bunch. I couldn't believe it, because they reacted the same after a win or a loss. No game faces and loud music." Madlock batted .375 in the '79 World Series against Baltimore, with a 4 for 4 performance in Game 5.

It was on one of his trips to Las Vegas that Madlock started collecting clocks. "I looked in a store window and saw this beautiful Chinese pedestal clock. It was \$4,000, and I left and came back three times before I finally got the nerve to buy it."

Since then, Madlock has accumulated 32 clocks—grandfather, grandmother, European, Early American, even eight Japanese clocks he acquired on an all-star tour. Begging your indulgence for just a moment, clocks contain four groups of working parts. The driving mechanism, which can be either a weight or a coiled spring, supplies the power and tries to drive the clock as fast as possible. The controlling mechanism, or escapement, allows the clock to run just so fast and no faster, and it's the most complicated and delicate part of the clock. The transmitting mechanism, or time train, simply communicates the movement of the drive to the controlling mechanism. The indicating mechanism, which includes the hands, tells what time it is.

Madlock's difficulties on the field have

continued



Three years after his run-in with Crawford (above), Madlock has gotten a new grip on his relationship with the umpires.



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never had anything to do with his driving mechanism. He has always played hard. But for a long time his controlling mechanism wasn't right. A clock should be wound regularly, but it should not be wound too tight. Madlock was. His performance in San Francisco also had something to do with the cold weather, which is bad for clocks.

Moving to Pittsburgh helped him, but he still wasn't quite in synch. On May 1, 1980 Pittsburgh was playing Montreal, and with the bases loaded and two outs in the fifth, Madlock tried to check his swing on a pitch from David Palmer. Home plate umpire Crawford called it strike three.

"Actually, the whole thing started when [Pirate Shortstop] Tim Foli asked me if it was a swing or a called strike," Crawford recalls. "I started to say, 'It was a swing and a strike,' but all I got out was 'It was a swing . . . ' and Madlock started arguing."

Madlock started arguing with his glove, which a teammate had routinely

brought him from the bench. He hit Crawford in the face with the glove. "Right on the bone underneath my nose," says Crawford, "and it stung."

Madlock was ejected, more for his profanity than anything else. But Expo President John McHale saw the incident and called League President Chub Feeney, asking for a stiff penalty. Madlock was hit with the largest fine for an on-the-field incident, \$5,000, and the second-longest suspension, 15 days, in history.

The incident was just what it took to make Madlock realize that he had to unwind. He has been thrown out of only two games since then, and Crawford says, "There's no question he's calmed down. He's changed, which is great, because a guy of his ability doesn't have to do the things to umpires that he was doing."

Cynthia says, "He settled down quite a bit on the field after that. Before, he was like night and day. Off the field he was gentle, never hotheaded. Now he's more

like himself on the field." Says Greenberg, "The Crawford incident was a benchmark. Now if he disagrees with an umpire, he uses his charm, which can be considerable."

In the strike-shortened '81 season, Madlock batted .341 for his third title. Last year, with Parker and Stargell out of the lineup for extended periods, Madlock realized that the Pirates needed more power, so he willingly sacrificed his average for more home runs. Seven of his 19 homers came after the sixth inning, with three of them game-winners, while another broke a tie. And in September, Tanner announced that Madlock would replace Stargell as the Pirate captain.

Madlock injured his left knee during training this spring and had to undergo arthroscopic surgery. With typical bluntness, he chastised the Pirates for having substandard training equipment. Indeed, one day a trainer had to put dirt in a sock to provide Madlock with the extra weight prescribed for his knee exercises. Even



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without benefit of live spring-training hitting. Madlock was in the lineup on Opening Day, and at the end of last week he was hitting .274, which he says is his "best start ever." His drive mechanism is still working.

Madlock has a strange sense of time. For all his fascination with clocks, he sometimes refuses to wear a watch. Yet he's never late for an appointment or a practice. He does not take batting practice with the rest of the players. He shows up very early, hitting at about 4:30 p.m. for a night game, and then jokes around or plays cards with Phil Dorsey, the Pirates' majordomo.

In real life, Dorsey is a master sergeant in the Army Reserve and a clerk in the post office. He also runs errands for the players, keeps them company, protects their wives from obnoxious fans and brings them food. He usually attaches himself to one player, though, and Madlock is his special companion. Before Madlock, it was Stargell, and be-

fore Stargell, it was Roberto Clemente.

So how come Bill Madlock isn't as well known as they were? One explanation is that until he got to the Pirates, he never played on a winner, and once he got to Pittsburgh, he was overshadowed. Another explanation is that he'll always be the second-best third baseman in the league behind Schmidt.

To increase his client's visibility, Greenberg recommended the Los Angeles public relations firm of Rogers & Cowan to puff him up. That's how he became affiliated with the President's Council. Not that Madlock isn't worthy—Wayne Newton is on the council, too—but when he signed a six-year, \$5.1 million guaranteed contract with Pittsburgh after the '81 season, the Pirates felt it was necessary to include a weight clause.

Despite all the slights, Madlock is living the good life. He has decked out his spacious house and its surroundings with taste and toys: a Jacuzzi, a Nautilus machine, a tree house, Picasso prints, Picas-

so plates, sculptures by the Bennett brothers of California, a wine cellar, a 200-year-old desk from a Scottish castle, a '32 Ford, an '82 Rolls, a satellite dish to pick up faraway baseball games. He's a partner in a new place opening up in Pittsburgh's One Oxford Center, The Wine Restaurant. "It's the first of its kind in town," says Madlock. "We'll offer 60 kinds of wine and French cuisine. But we're flexible. If the customers want beer, we'll offer 60 kinds of beer and call it The Beer Restaurant."

His children, known around the clubhouse as the Mad Puppies, are a joy. Madlock counted another blessing two weeks ago when Jeremy was born in a tense delivery. "His heart stopped for a moment, and I thought, 'O Lord,'" says Madlock, who was in the delivery room. Jeremy is doing fine now.

"I have everything I've ever wanted. A great family, three houses, a great job."

"Of course. I could use a little more recognition."

It's about time.

END



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## This pigeon was a tough bird

Edwin Rosario barely beat Jose Luis Ramirez for the WBC lightweight title

**O**n the morning of his WBC lightweight title fight last Sunday, Edwin Rosario sipped homemade *sopa de paloma* (pigeon soup) out of a thermos cup. The real *paloma*, however, was his opponent, Jose Luis Ramirez of Huastampo, Mexico.

The unanimous 12-round decision—it was scored 115-113 for Rosario on all three judges' cards—that gave Rosario the title should have come as no surprise to Ramirez' handlers. They had agreed that this mandatory fight between the WBC's top two contenders for Alexis Arguello's vacated title be staged in Rosario's backyard, in the Coliseo Roberto Clemente in San Juan, Puerto Rico. And Ramirez settled for only \$45,000 against the \$175,000 purse of Rosario, the No. 1 challenger and now the third Puerto Rican, the others having been Carlos Ortiz and Esteban DeJesus, to win the 135-pound championship.

It was the 18th victory in a row for the undefeated Rosario, and it was staged only 20 miles from Teo Baja, his hometown. And this decision had definite leanings in that direction, at least according to many ringside journalists. However, in fairness to the three judges—Lou Filipo of Downey, Calif., Spider Bynum of Dallas and Lou Tabat of Las Vegas—Arthur Mercante, the respected referee who worked the fight, agreed with them. His vote no longer counts in WBC fights, but he mentally scored it 7-5 in rounds for Rosario, in effect the same conclusion reached by the judges.

The 20-year-old Rosario, a 3-1 favorite according to local oddsmakers, fought well enough to win most fights, particularly in view of the fact that he was coming off a 10½-month layoff, the result of a bone fracture in his right wrist suffered in training. Said Ramirez, "Rosario hits much harder than Arguello and sustains more." Rosario showed deft movement beyond his years that impressed both Ramirez and his trainer-manager, Ramon Felix.

"Rosario got very tired in the fight, but

by Jack McCallum

he's an agile boxer and so fast," Felix said. "I believe he's a worthy champion." Rosario also displayed an uncanny ability to counter from the corners in the early rounds, which ultimately turned into a liability against the relentless Ramirez. And the young champion demonstrated a lot of guts in the later rounds after his left eye had been nearly closed by Ramirez' punches, it was the first time he'd been marked in his four-year pro career. "It was good for me to feel what my opponents have felt," Rosario said after the fight. "I have heart to do the job."

Ramirez, a 24-year-old southpaw, proved he, too, has heart. In 87 professional fights, only Ray Mancini (12th-round decision in 1981) and Ruben Olivares (second-round KO in 1978, the only time Ramirez has been on the canvas) have beaten him decisively. His other loss was a controversial split decision against Arguello in 1980 in Arguello's adopted hometown of Miami.

Given that precedent, Ramirez should have steered clear of San Juan. But the steering for this fight was done by Rosario's shrewd manager, Jimmy Jacobs, who, with partner Bill Cayton, also manages former three-time world champion Wilfred Benitez. Jacobs knows the networks, and even though Rosario's layoff made him a question mark, "We had no hesitation about him," said Bob Iger, a sports executive at ABC, which telecast the bout. "If we had any misgiving it was based on the feeling that Ramirez may not be a good enough match for him," he said before the fight. Right And Moses Malone would not be a "good enough match" for Ralph Sampson. Unfortunately for Ramirez, Rosario had the home court.

"I felt that if it had been outside Puerto Rico it would have been a much tighter decision," Ramirez said.

Fittingly, the pigeon had trouble getting his U.S. visa to go to Puerto Rico and



During the first five rounds Rosario was in

arrived in San Juan only five days before the fight, a week later than he'd intended. But he was in fighting shape. After the fight, he was breathing almost normally, a stark contrast to the nearly wiped-out Rosario. "That's one strong fighter," Jacobs said, looking in Ramirez' corner and shaking his head before the start of the final round.

Rosario, too, appeared in excellent condition, but his seven weeks of training had been clouded with doubts raised by his injury. At least one San Juan journalist wondered in print why Rosario had laid off so long if, as his camp said, the injury was minor. Others were confused by the nature of the injury, mistaking it for a broken hand, which can ruin a boxer's career. Trainer Manny Suica, meanwhile, questioned the necessity of the surgery, even though the physician who operated, Dr. David T.W. Chu of the New York



control, constantly beating Ramirez to the punches

University Medical Center, said it was essential. "I didn't think they had to do it," said Siaca, who spent about 20 minutes painstakingly taping Rosario's wrist before each training session.

After some concern as he resumed training—"In the back of my mind, I said, 'This is it. What am I going to do now?'"—Rosario gradually put it out of his thoughts. Indeed, in the weeks before the fight he seemed impatient with the "soft" sparring sessions that Siaca ordered to protect the wrist. But in the final days before the fight Rosario was letting loose with everything he had.

He took that aggressive attitude into the ring Sunday, accompanied by the support of the crowd shouting his nickname: "Cha-PO! Cha-PO!" In the first round, he stung Ramirez with, among other things, two rights to the temple and a left jab to the eye, and he looked

confident. Strangely, Judge Filipo gave Ramirez the round, though it clearly belonged to Rosario.

In the second round, Rosario stunned Ramirez with three rights and moved in for the kill. But Ramirez struck back with a right uppercut that sent Rosario reeling backward. It was too early to say the fight was turning—Rosario was firmly in control through the fifth—but it showed Rosario that Ramirez wasn't the pigeon in the ring that he had been at the negotiating table. Ramirez, Rosario now knew, would not be as easy as was Edwin Viruet, the tough veteran Rosario stopped in the third round in May of 1982 to earn the No. 1 ranking.

By the sixth round, Ramirez was doing all the stalking. That wouldn't necessarily be a problem for Rosario, who likes to punch his way out of corners, except that now Ramirez was punishing him before Rosario could fight his way free. Siaca had already begun

telling Rosario to get out of the corners more quickly, and only his extraordinary agility kept him from getting into trouble.

Rosario still had enough in him to win the ninth on all cards, though Ramirez dominated the 10th round to the extent that Jacobs, sitting at ringside, shouted to Siaca, "Manny, he's got to go forward." Siaca already knew it—long before he had been shouting to Rosario, "¡Adelante! Adelante!"

The fight hinged on the 11th. Rosario, now boxing mostly with one hand (the left) and one strategy (don't go down), won it on

all three cards, but many ringside observers disagreed with that assessment. When Ramirez took the 12th unanimously, it was too late for him—he had won only four rounds on all three cards before that.

The victory raised some questions about Rosario. How will he come back from this close call in his next bout, a mandatory defense against fourth-ranked Roberto Elizondo, who is even more of a banger than Ramirez? Already Jacobs has moved the fight from July to August to give Rosario's eye time to heal. Does Rosario have real punching power? If speed and agility are to become his main weapons, can he beat a Hector Camacho or even a Howard Davis, lightweight contenders who may be even faster and more agile? And does he have bad hands? Rosario admitted that he had hurt the knuckles on both hands in the third and fourth rounds when he was tattooing Ramirez' bony head and face. "I couldn't fight the fight I wanted," he said. "I had to resort to my boxing."

Hours after the fight, Rosario arrived at The Palace Hotel, walking slowly and wearing sunglasses because his left eye was nearly closed. He could barely speak above a whisper because he had bitten his tongue early in the fight and it was cut badly. That meant plenty of soup for the next few days. Make it vegetable. He has had enough of pigeons for a while. **END**

but by the 12th, only Rosario's left eye was shining.





Louganis displays the power off the tower that got him past Kimball by 4.11 points.

**A**t an outdoor diving pool in The Woodlands, Texas last Saturday afternoon, Dick Kimball checked his scoring sheet, smiled and looked up at the 10-meter tower, where America's two best male divers were standing. "Point six six," he called out, adding a brief whoop of jubilation. With one round of dives left in the platform finals of the III World Diving Cup, Kimball's son Bruce, a four-time national champion, led three-time world champion Greg Louganis by just that much—66 of a point—372.87 to 372.21. The elder Kimball, a U.S. team coach, turned to some friends at poolside. "Isn't this great?" he asked.

Up on the tower, Louganis and Bruce Kimball glanced at each other and chuckled nervously. "We were saying, 'Isn't this great?'" said Kimball later. "We were enjoying ourselves." Kimball, a University of Michigan freshman, had clearly outperformed his longtime best friend and rival through the first five rounds, scoring 9.0s and 9.5s to Louganis' 8.0s and 8.5s. Schooled to technical perfection by his father, Kimball was entering the water with no more splash

## A double victory with a new twist

*Greg Louganis won both the men's titles at this unusual World Cup*

than a pebble. But Louganis, a senior at UC-Irvine, was executing dives he'd never tried in international competition and their high degrees of difficulty were helping his score. As he prepared for his sixth and final dive, Louganis grinned at Kimball. "Let's tie," he said.

Rarely had a diving competition been so tight, but, then, rarely had there been a meet quite like this World Cup. The four-day, 18-nation event had included two days of team competition—the People's Republic of China edging the U.S. for first place, 4,404.96–4,397.97, with strong women's performances—followed

by Craig Neff

by two days of single-elimination, one-on-one individual diving. "It's like a tennis tournament. You knock off one guy, then another, then another, until you're in the finals," said women's world platform champion Wendy Wyland of Mission Viejo, Calif. "It's fun."

While the matches, which lasted about 20 minutes each, were highly entertaining and even drew support as a possible format for future Olympics, they didn't work to the advantage of divers from either the U.S. or the Soviet Union, the top two finishers, respectively, at last summer's world championships in Guayaquil, Ecuador. Three of the six American divers didn't get past the quarterfinals, and a fourth, Wyland, lost in the semis of both platform and three-meter springboard. That left Louganis and Kimball. The U.S. performance was further hurt by the absence of women's world springboard champion Megan Neyer of the University of Florida, who was too exhausted to come to the meet after her long collegiate season. The Soviets, meanwhile, finished a distant third in the team race and—talk about tough times—by the morning of the second day of individual competition had posted a sign announcing a liquidation sale—50% off—on all their remaining cans of caviar. One U.S.S.R. diver did reach the finals, a spectacular 14-year-old named Alla Lobankina, whose platform dives were as difficult as Louganis'. "She's doing the dives of the future," said a U.S. coach, Mike Brown. "I guess that means the future is now."

In the women's platform finals, Lobankina missed several high-risk dives and lost to 18-year-old Zhou Ji Hong, one of eight Chinese at the World Cup. Two others, Li Yihua and Peng Yuan-chun, met in the women's springboard finals, with Li winning narrowly. "We are very happy just to be here," said team interpreter Xu Fang, aware that his nation's government recently canceled virtually all sports-related trips to the U.S. in response to the defection to America of Chinese tennis star Hu Na. This visit was presumably allowed because the event was a world championship



The Chinese team almost immediately won the affection of local fans with its goodwill, sportsmanship and curious habits. After each dive the Chinese athlete would bow to the pool in acknowledgment of the crowd's applause, and all week China's women divers hobbled around the pool deck in high-heeled plastic sandals. Chinese coaches, meanwhile, were studying warmup dives with binoculars from as little as 15 feet away. For security reasons, the team had been billeted at the Chinese consulate in downtown Houston, a 45-minute drive to the south. "Oh, more than 45 minutes in the rush hour," said Xu, still numbed by a confrontation with Houston's Great Wall of Traffic.

The Chinese did their best to help out other nations' divers, too, most notably Kimball, who had severely sprained his right ankle while stepping off a curb in Ann Arbor four days before the meet. The ankle had swelled to twice its normal size by Tuesday, the day before the meet began, and Kimball thought of withdrawing. But a Chinese team trainer came to Kimball's aid. "First, he massaged my leg and tried to move some of the swelling out," Kimball said. "Then he

gave me a strip of cotton and told me to soak it in the hottest water I could stand. I put that on the joint space of the ankle and wrapped it in an Ace bandage." The treatment worked so well that Kimball says he was "overwhelmed." Anyway, he could walk.

As the top seed in the platform finals, Louganis, who had earlier defeated Nika Stajkovic of Austria 452.31-379.44 for the men's springboard title, would go before Kimball on the last dive. "Greg always saves the dive with the highest degree of difficulty for last," says Ron O'Brien, Louganis' coach from Mission Viejo. "That way if he needs to score a position of points, there's at least a possibility." In this case Louganis had saved a reverse 3½ tuck, whose whopping 3.4 degree of difficulty is the highest of any platform dive. He spun through it gracefully enough to earn 85.68 points.

Life has not been easy on Louganis for some time now. He has spent much of the last two years fighting off shoulder ailments. Though he enjoys his drama studies at Irvine, he has had run-ins with the school's athletic department, and an administrative blunder this winter in effect cost him his last year of NCAA eligibility. In addition, a February appendectomy cost him three weeks of training, and a virus he contracted at last month's U.S. Indoor Nationals in Indianapolis caused him to throw up between dives of that meet's three-meter springboard finals—which, of course, he won anyway. And Louganis didn't win the 1982 Sullivan Award as America's top amateur athlete, even though he'd been nominated for it by track and field star Carl Lewis, the 1981 Sullivan recipient, and his long-jumping sister, Carol. "I think Carol wrote me a fan letter way back around 1976," says Louganis. "I've gotten to be good friends with both of them." Indeed, Carol, a University of Houston

sophomore and former age-group diver, drove up for Saturday's finals.

When Kimball stepped up for his final dive, a back 2½ pike, he knew he'd have to hit it perfectly, because the dive's degree of difficulty is a mere 2.9. But Kimball is used to long odds: In July 1981 he nearly drowned while trying to swim 50 meters underwater, and three months later he was in an auto accident, breaking his jaw in six places, crushing his right cheekbone, fracturing his skull, rupturing his spleen, lacerating his liver, breaking his left fibula and tearing ligaments in his left knee. "He wanted to get back to diving so bad he tried to escape from the hospital after a few weeks," says his father. "He just couldn't figure out how to get the catheter out."

Kimball was brilliant in getting his 2½ pike off, but despite one 10.0 and three 9.5s, his dive earned only 80.91 points. His total of 453.78 left him 4.11 shy of Louganis' 457.89. Said Louganis, embracing Kimball, "Way to go. Oh, man! Whee!"

Clearly, few athletes in the world belong in a class with Louganis. "Greg is the most physically gifted person I've ever seen come into the sport of diving," says former Olympic and world springboard champion Phil Boggs. "He's the consummate diver. He has everything—power, grace, a catlike awareness and, most important, the ability to put it all together in competition." Consider Louganis' accomplishments: At 23, he has already won more U.S. national diving titles (22) than any man in history, and before long he will pass Cynthia Potter's American record of 28. At last summer's world championships, he won titles in both the platform and springboard, an unprecedented feat for a man in either Olympic or world championship competition. There he also earned the highest score ever for a single springboard dive—92.07 for a front 3½ pike—and became only the second person in history to record seven 10.0s on a dive, doing so on an inward 2½ pike. Says Dick Kimball, "Greg is probably the greatest diver ever, springboard or platform."

Still, O'Brien says Louganis is "two or three years away from reaching his peak. When he gets there, he should be able to maintain that level for several years more. That is, if he wants to." Between now and then, however, Louganis and Kimball will make sure the 10-meter platform is a U.S. tower of power. **END**



LI's victory began China's sweep of women's events.

## Rebirth of the bonus baby

by Bill Brubaker

*An old-fashioned bidding war is brewing for preppie Pitcher Juan Nieves*

**J**uan Nieves was destined to be a bonus baby, but he didn't know it for sure until the summer of 1981, when a scout offered him a bonus—\$40,000, Nieves says—to sign with the Philadelphia Phillies. Nieves, a lefthanded pitcher, says the offer was flattering but a bit premature. "I'd just finished the 10th grade," he says. "I told the scout, 'Thanks, but could you wait until I finish high school?'"

The scout waited. He really had no choice. It's illegal under baseball rules to make an offer to a U.S. high school student until his high school eligibility has expired. The Phillies' scout, Luis Peraza, says he was just one of a number of scouts who made Nieves an offer—he was \$35,000, he says—"and I'm still waiting for that boy. Juan Nieves is one of the best major league pitching prospects I have ever seen."

On May 25 the wait will be over. That's when the 18-year-old Nieves is scheduled to play his last game for the Avon Old Farms School in Avon, Conn., after which he'll be able to sign a pro contract. A scout representing the Phillies will presumably be on the scene, as will be representatives from the Dodgers,

the Yankees, the Blue Jays and the . . . You get the picture.

As bidding wars go, it promises to be the most intense one for a high school baseball player in recent history. When it's over, says one agent, Nieves will probably bank the biggest bonus ever given to a high school player—larger than the record \$200,000 that Darryl Strawberry received in 1980 from the Mets. "We're talking about a potential franchise player," the agent says. "Juan Nieves' situation is extraordinarily unique."

What makes Nieves' case different is that he's from Guaynabo, Puerto Rico and thus not subject to the June 6-8 amateur draft, as are other U.S. high school phenoms who are residents of the 50 states. These prospects can negotiate only with the club that drafts them. Nieves, on the other hand, will be free to consider offers from as many of the 26 major league organizations as choose to make a bid.

And if Nieves doesn't like any of his offers, he has an alternative: a baseball scholarship to the University of Southern California, the school he chose last week over more than 75 others. "I'm in the

driver's seat," Nieves says confidently. "If the money's right, I'll probably go pro. College would be great because I could play baseball and get my education. But my parents need the money. Moneywise, we're kind of weak. But I'm not going to consider any bonus under six figures. I've got it my way now."

Nieves is an articulate, 6' 3", 175-pounder who already throws an average major league fastball (87 mph, although he has been clocked at 93, according to his coaches). As this week began, he had a three-year record of 17-0, had struck out nearly two batters per inning and was hitting .509 at Avon, a prestigious 360-student boys' boarding school located on a rustic 1,000-acre campus 15 minutes outside of Hartford.

Nieves says he probably would have quit school in Puerto Rico and turned pro by this time if he hadn't been offered an \$8,600-a-year full tuition-and-board scholarship to Avon in the summer of 1980. It was a scout, Vic Power of the California Angels, who introduced Nieves to Avon. "We'd taken our team to Puerto Rico for a series of games that spring," says Peter Evans, Avon's baseball coach and athletic director. "Power, who lives in Guaynabo and who had helped us make arrangements there, said, 'I know a boy you might be interested in. He's a great kid, a great student, a great pitcher. But he needs a scholarship.' So I interviewed Juan and told him to send us his academic transcript and to write an essay on why he'd like to go to a prep school in New England."

Nieves, who says he had a C-plus average at the Academia Menonita in Guaynabo—he has a B-minus at Avon—turned in a 137-word essay that began: "I would like to go to your school because it would help me improve my English. I would learn other sports and I would acquire a good education and get prepared for college. I would meet other boys and see snow for the first time. I would try to do my best."

continued

As a Puerto Rican, Nieves can go from Avon straight to the pros without being drafted.



A color photograph of two men in military uniforms sitting in front of a helicopter. The man on the left is wearing a camouflage uniform and a headset, smiling. The man on the right is wearing a flight suit and a helmet, also smiling. The helicopter's tail rotor and fuselage are visible in the background.

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At first, Nieves says, he was jolted by the contrasts between life in Guaynabo, on the outskirts of San Juan, and the Connecticut prep school campus, with its ancient-looking Cotswold-style buildings and regimented daily schedule. Each boarding student is assigned a specific campus job. Nieves, for example, makes the morning toast.

"The switch wasn't easy at first," Nieves says. "School here is a lot harder than in Puerto Rico—and the weather is a lot colder. Once I had to pitch in below-freezing weather. At times I got very homesick. But I've met a lot of nice people, and I've experienced a whole new world."

"Juan has become a leader at our school," Evans says. "He's our head senior dorm monitor, and he's been the captain of our baseball, basketball and cross country teams. What's interesting is that we had no idea of just how great an athlete Juan was until he came here. We were amazed."

The question of what choice he should make after May 25 absorbs Nieves. "I think all the time about the pluses and minuses between college and the pros," he says. "I wonder, for example, what will happen if I go to college and hurt my arm. I'll never see that money again. Or if I go pro and get hurt, what will I do after that? Sure, I'm in the driver's seat now. Fine. But there are so many things that could turn my life around. I could end up in the back seat. My future's a mystery."

Nieves' father, Juan, who breeds and trains fighting cocks, and mother, Iris, a retired postal worker, will arrive in Avon on May 17 to help guard Nieves' interests. "Juan's future isn't something to play with," Iris has said. "I'm not going to give my boy away for peanuts."

Meanwhile, Evans has been trying to build a "wall of separation" between Nieves and the scouts. "Juan has a job to do at school academically, so we've told our switchboard not to put any scouts' calls through to him," Evans says. "Even so, some scouts have obtained the number to the pay phone in Juan's dorm."

In his small, attic-dark, medieval-style dormitory room, Nieves pondered what lies ahead.

"Love and happiness should come first in life, but that's not the way the world is today, especially in professional sports," he says. "The world revolves around money, and in a few weeks that's what I'll be looking for. A lot of it."

## INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

When the Dodgers arrived in St. Louis for a three-game series last week, Third Baseman Pedro Guerrero went to the home of Cardinal Pitcher Joaquin Andujar, a childhood friend from the Dominican Republic. While dining on rice, beans and shrimp, Guerrero boosted he would hit a home run off Andujar the next day. It didn't concern Guerrero that he had never tagged his buddy for a four-hitter—not in school, playground, winter league or major league ball. Andujar's

“We play like *Kong Kong* one day and like *Fay Wray* the next.”

—TERRY KENNEDY  
SAN DIEGO PADRES

wife, Walkiria, even told him, "If you do, you won't be coming back here to eat." But with the count 1-2 in the sixth inning the following evening, Guerrero belted one out. "I wanted to pitch him high inside," Andujar said. "But I went to his power, low outside. A fastball, 92 miles an hour it was, and he hit it." Was Guerrero then barred from further rice and beans at Andujar's place? "Hell, no," Andujar said. "We're friends."

Rod Carew may retire at the end of the season because of what he feels is unfair media pressure and criticism of, for example, his RBI output. California's 37-year-old first baseman is a .331 lifetime hitter and was batting .470 at the end of last week. "I've already decided what I'm going to do," he says. "I'm just not ready to disclose it."

Baltimore Reliever Tim Lincecum, miffed because he has been used sparingly despite pitching well, sounded off last week. With three righthanded Oakland hitters coming up in the eighth inning, Lincecum felt he should have been brought in rather than lefty Tippy Martinez. After the game Lincecum complained to Manager Joe Altobelli and then told the press, "If he's not going to use me, then I don't want to stay here."

Altobelli fired back: "I confronted Tim. I'll probably confront him again. I guarantee he won't do this to me again."

Pitching Coach Ray Miller was upset,

too, saying that Lincecum's outburst was "the dumbest thing I've ever seen in baseball. Seventeen games into the season, and he says he doesn't want to pitch for this team? Especially after Tippy requires the side on seven pitches. That makes it twice as stupid."

Seattle's Julio Cruz's streak of successful steal attempts was stopped at 23 when Boston Catcher Jeff Newman nailed him trying to swipe third. . . . St. Louis' Ken Oberkfell may not be able to carry the Cards with his bat, but in games in which he has carried the starting lineup card to the plate, St. Louis is 6-1. . . . The anticipated sale of the Indians is "on the back burner now," according to majority owner Steve O'Neill. He wants to know exactly how large Cleveland's share of the new network television contracts will be.

"A lot of managers go by the book just to cover their butts," says Texas Manager Doug Rader, who isn't a big fan of the sacrifice bunt. "They can't be doubted, even if the strategy fails. The basic point is that many times, depending on the club, you can't do things by the book."

Although a number of scouts and general managers say there's less trade talk than usual, two players are almost certain to be swapped soon. Several clubs have expressed interest in Pitcher Ed Farmer, for whom the Phils would want a young prospect. And Outfielder Warren Cromartie is not likely to be wearing an Expo uniform much longer.

Minnesota Reliever Ron Davis is a third who may go. Some general managers are buying the opinion of scouts who say that Davis will have an improved atti-

## FOUL BALL

When the Yankees looked for an advertising campaign to promote this year's team they ignored their rich tradition and big-name players, like Dave Winfield, Don Baylor and Steve Kemp, and instead chose to emphasize the pugnascent nature of Billy Martin, back for his third term as New York's manager. Last Friday night in Texas, Martin kicked dirt on Umpire Drew Coble and received his second thumb of 83. Not only did Martin's miniature tirade fail to arouse his struggling team, which lost 8-3 to Texas, it also earned him a three-day suspension. Is that the sort of batting the Yankees want—or ought—to sell?

continued



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tude and fastball if he leaves the Twins and owner Calvin Griffith, with whom he has been at odds.

Former Oriole Manager Earl Weaver, who is watching games from the stands for the first time in 35 years, says, "The big difference is that ice cream sandwiches cost 75 cents. They used to be a dime."

Former Stanford Quarterback John Elway has indicated he will sign a minor league contract with the Yankees rather than play for the Colts, who picked him No. 1 in last week's NFL draft. Most baseball scouts are convinced, however, that Elway's prospects are better on the gridiron than on the diamond. Jack Passore, the director of scouting for the Phils, says his bird dogs "are not that high on him. At best, he's average, across the board."

Rookie Greg Brock, who has replaced Steve Garvey at first base for L.A., attributes his good start—four homers and 14 RBIs in his first 21 games—to tips from his "personal scout," 37-year-old teammate Rick Monday, who tells Brock what to expect from various pitchers. . . . The

## BALL PARK FIGURES

Of the 71 batters hitting .300 or better at the end of last week, these are among the least likely to be in that category at season's end:

	1983	Career
Wayne Gross, A's	.341	(.235)
Danny Heep, Mets	.333	(.246)
Tim Flannery, Padres	.333	(.245)
Bob Bush, Twins	.322	(.244)
Tim Lincecum, Angels	.321	(.251)
Jerry Martin, Royals	.318	(.253)
Mike Davis, A's	.313	(.268)
Tom Brockens, Tigers	.311	(.254)
Ernie Whitt, Blue Jays	.308	(.240)
Davey Lopes, A's	.304	(.261)

A's will have to decide soon whether to stick with Shortstop Tony Phillips, who has been flashy but erratic in the field (six errors through Sunday) and who was hitting only .175. If Phillips is sent down, Oakland will go with Bill Almon, a mediocre fielder who was hitting .340. . . . The A's, though, are all smiles about Reliever Tom Burgmeier, who hadn't given up a run in nine appearances covering 13½ innings.

San Diego Third Baseman Tim Lincecum and Cincinnati Catcher Dan Biederman got to keep their first major league home-run balls last week. A half inning after Flannery hit his off Chicago's Chuck Rainey, San Diego Centerfielder Rupert Jones traded a Wrigley Field bleacherite two balls for the one Flannery had hit. Biederman's homer came off the Mets' Tom Seaver. His wife, Tish, followed the ball's flight into the Riverfront Stadium stands, found the person who caught it and arranged to trade an autographed ball. Said Biederman, "I hope she didn't have to kiss somebody."

Oriole owner Edward Bennett Williams figures he lost \$1 million in 1982 because six home dates were rained out. So he has bought "rain insurance" from Lloyd's of London. "If we'd had that policy last year, we'd probably have collected \$500,000," Williams says.

The policy, which probably cost less than \$100,000, pays off only after two rainouts. According to the best estimates—Williams won't discuss the specifics of the policy—additional rained-out games that can't be switched to

open dates will bring \$100,000 each. "Rain insurance isn't new," says American League President Lee MacPhail. "When my brother was with the Dodgers [Larry MacPhail owned them from 1938 until 1944], he bought it for an important doubleheader against the Cardinals. He got lucky; it rained enough for him to collect on the policy, but not hard enough to postpone the games. And they won both."

After losing eight of nine games, in large part because of a .228 team batting average, the Mariners sought a cure. Shortly before facing the Red Sox in the Kingdome, Seattle's Bill Caudill, Mike Stanton and Richie Zisk burned 15 bats in a pile outside their clubhouse door. "We pulled one bat out of the fire, crushed the ashes and sprinkled them around home plate and on our bench," Caudill says. Forthwith the Mariners became hot hitters, scoring four times in the first and winning 7-6.

White Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk thinks he knows why Pitcher Floyd Bannister lost four of his first five games and had a 5.65 ERA. Fisk says Bannister has been trying to prove he's worth the \$4.5 million five-year contract he signed with Chicago this winter as a free agent. "I wish I could get inside his head," Fisk says. "He's squeezing the ball like it's going to get away. When you try too hard, you get all tensed up. You keep milk shook up, and the cream can't come to the top."

During a 10-4 victory over the Phillies that enabled the Braves to tie a club record of 10 consecutive at-home wins, Atlanta Reliever Terry Foster doubled and singled in his first at bats of the year. That

### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**LARRY McWILLIAMS:** The Pittsburgh left-hander allowed only a fifth-inning single in a 3-0 win over San Francisco and four hits in a 2-1 victory over San Diego while lowering his ERA to 2.23.

raised Foster's career average to a gaudy .415 (27 for 65). Far more surprising was a 385-foot RBI double by Pitcher Rick Camp that helped the Braves beat the Mets 6-3. Camp is one of the worst hitters in big league history—.036 lifetime (3 for 83).

END

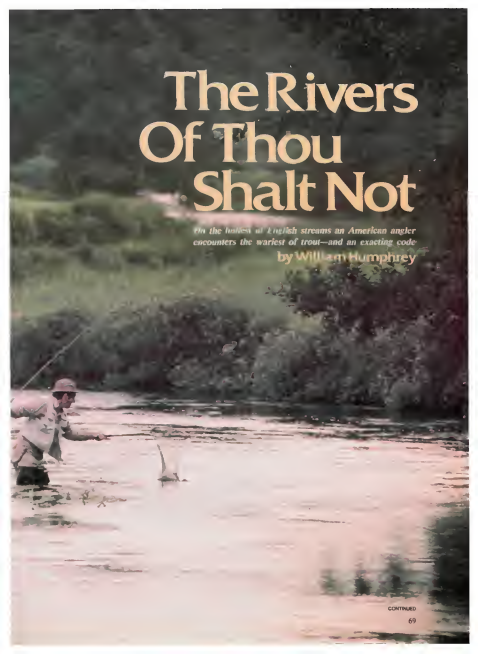
### A REAL OTTITY



When the recently installed Bishop Stanley Ott of Baton Rouge designed his personal coat of arms, he included a small baseball because he's a fan—and a second cousin of Hall of Famer Mel Ott.





A photograph of a man in a hat and light-colored shirt fishing in a stream. A trout is jumping out of the water in front of him. The background is a lush green forest.

# The Rivers Of Thou Shalt Not

*On the holiest of English streams an American angler  
encounters the wariest of trout—and an exacting code*

**by William Humphrey**

CONTINUED



Lena's Yellow Boy

Winchester, Hants., England

Dear Al,

Had no chance to phone before we left on this impulsive adventure, as you were vacationing on Nantucket. Hope you had better sport with the bluefish there than we've had so far with the trout of the River Ichen.

Impulsive, yet this trip actually began a year ago, in Princeton. As a Writer In Residence at the university there, I was asked to give a public reading—one open not just to faculty and students but to the townspeople as well. These are usually rather sober occasions: stories about the loss of childhood illusions or the miseries of married life. I decided to try for laughs. I read my little book *The Spawning Run*, which, as you know, though it's really about sex, purports to be about fishing in Britain. "The Ichen, the Test, the Frome: the fabled chalk streams of south England, where Dame Juliana Berners and Izaak Walton fished—here I am in the middle of them, it's spring, the season has opened, and I might as well be in the Sahara." Those are the opening words of the book, my lament that those waters are so exclusive, so expensive, as to be beyond my hopes of ever fishing them.

At the reception following my reading, a lady introduced herself and said that she was the wife of a Princeton physician—English born—that he owned, along with his brother-in-law, a mile of the Ichen, and that I was welcome to fish it anytime I pleased.

During this past winter, looking over my tyrannical typewriter at the fields and drifts of snow outside, I daydreamed sometimes about that. Pure fantasy, of course. Then one day about a month ago, as Dorothy and I were having a pre-luncheon sherry, the postman brought a card from the lady saying that she and her husband had just returned from a fortnight's holiday on the Ichen, that the fishing this year had been uncommonly good, and that she hoped we would someday accept their invitation. Ah, if only! However, it would be a totally irresponsible thing to do. But it was pleasant to imagine, even to have a second sherry on. What a change of outlook that second

sherry brought about! An opportunity to fish the Ichen, Izaak Walton's very river: It would be totally irresponsible to turn down an offer like that. I phoned a fisherman friend in New York, himself English, to ask what the fishing was like over there in September. Good, he said, and added, "If you're going to fish the Ichen, why not the Test as well? I've got a cottage right on the bank of it that you're welcome to."

We prepared ourselves by practicing casting on the lawn. We needed practice. As I needn't tell you, the fishing near our home back in the States has been so poor, what with our long drought, that we'd given up on it. My casting had deteriorated

through disuse, and Dorothy had all but forgotten how. To my horror, I found that she had reverted to the old bad habit of holding her casting arm close against her side (remember the now thoroughly discredited way they used to teach you, by making you hold a book in your armpit when you cast?) and flexing her wrist rather than her elbow. It took me until our departure to break her of that. Now here we are.

Trouble is, not only have we arrived in a dry spell and a heat wave, but we're having to unlearn everything we knew about trout fishing and start all over from scratch. The way it's done here is as different from the American way as is driving on the left side of the road.

Our first day of fishing on the Ichen was a Sunday, and in the narrow lane



Woburnholme, here trailing the Hampshire, explained the strict traditions of the River Ichen.

leading from the Easton village cross-roads toward the river, the only place to park our rented car was beside the churchyard gate. We were joining our rods and pulling on our Wellingtons preparatory to breaking the Fifth Commandment when the parishioners in their Sunday best came to the summonses of the church bells. But we got no censorious looks from them. Maybe we were saved by our accents, Colonial souls being lost beyond redemption. However, down on the river there awaited us a fishing catechism as strict as any church's. It was to be a series of Thou Shalt Nots.

You know how it is with us. Rod rigged, suited up, we go down to the water and study it for a moment, hoping to see fish on the rise and the hatch of flies the fish are rising to, identify the fly and

match it with our artificial, or come somewhere close to a match. That's our hope, but it's one seldom realized. Most days on our insect-poor mountain streams there are no flies to be seen coming off the water, no fish rising. I seldom ever see a trout—until one has seen me first and been spooked and gone dashing away, not to feed on anything for the next hour. So when we study our stretch of a stream we are studying the water itself, its currents and eddies, looking for likely places for a trout to lie. Then, there being nothing visible on the surface, we select a wet fly, or rather, because there's no knowing what the fish are feeding on, we don't select one; we take the first thing we find in the box, wade in and start casting downstream, covering all the water from bank to bank.

Whoever performed such a standard American practice here would have committed four, no, five, no, half a dozen unpardonable sins against the British code of trout fishing. By evening of the day of his sinning, the fellow's notoriety would be such that he would probably not be served a drink in any pub in this valley. Certainly he would find no other patron willing to drink with him. For perpetrating just one of the above infractions, G.E.M. Skues, the man who, if he didn't exactly invent the artificial nymph, certainly perfected the use of it, was forced to resign his rod on the lichen after having held it for 45 years.

Here every stretch of trout stream has its hut or shelter in from showers. At ours, we were met that first morning by Grant Wolsenholme and Pat Fox. Grant is the aforementioned brother-in-law, the resident co-owner of our water, and Pat its bailiff. We paired off, Grant and I going one way to fish and Pat and Dorothy the other way. Too late I noticed that the weeds, as thick as far, through which our path wound, were nettles. I was stung not only on both hands but right through my trousers.

At the foot of our stretch Grant and I stood talking. I took in the terrain and already I felt daunted by the obstacles to casting a line. The water was too deep to wade, besides, wading, even where possible, is something that isn't done here. One fishes from the bank. Along each bank of the lichen are footpaths just four feet wide. Behind one path stretches a barbed-wire fence. Behind the other path, the one on which we stood, rises a wall of weeds eight feet tall. It would be possible to widen that path and, by cutting back the weeds, make casting easier, but whatever makes fishing easier makes it that much less sporting.

We talked on, Grant seldom looking my way but keeping his eyes on the water, while he politely but positively laid down the rules to me. I began to wonder when we were going to start fishing. I didn't know this at the time, but we were fishing, doing it according to the custom of the country.

On this river in particular, Grant explained, trout fishing is "a waiting game." Here one casts only to a fish that one has seen. If in the course of the day one sees no fish, one goes home without

*continued*



having made a cast. The mere thought of casting to the water, blindly, at random, in hopes of connecting with some unseen fish, as we Americans do, is abhorrent to the English angler, disgraceful—about like cruising in the dark for a streetwalker. An English angler waits and watches, and while he waits he fishes, as fixedly as does the trout, upstream. He would no more think of facing downstream than a Muslim would pray to the west.

From all this it follows that on these waters the wet fly, the promiscuous, indiscriminating, chuck-it-and-chance-it wet fly, which is always cast downstream, is anathema. It was for using a sunken fly that Skues was banished from here. He fished the nymph, that transitional stage, neither wet fly nor dry fly, which represents the natural insect in metamorphosis on its way up from the streambed to hatch on the surface and take wing, and he fished it most sportingly, always upstream and always to a fish he had seen; still, it didn't float, and in those days of the dry-fly dictatorship—1938—that damned it, and him.

The dispute between Skues and the dry-fly purists was Low Church vs. High



Cinnamon Sedge

fishing with the nymph is not easier but rather harder than fishing with the dry fly. That would make it acceptable.

Wild-sounding though my words may seem, I do not exaggerate the aversion felt by British anglers toward any method of trout fishing other than to an individual fish, upstream, and with either a dry fly or a nymph. That one does not fish for trout with spinning lures or with live bait is taken for granted, along with toilet training. This is not the law—there are few laws governing outdoor sports in this country, where fish and game are not common property but belong to the owners of the water and the land—it's a gentleman's and sportsman's code.

The fish of the lichen are almost all wild fish, stream-bred. And, save for a rarely caught rainbow, they are all brown trout. Any salmon, I asked? A few. Every effort was made by the owners to keep them out, but yes, the odd one did manage to get in. Imagine regarding

salmon as undesirable! I've known a good many trout snobs—I'm something of one myself—but for singleminded devotion to the fish, that takes the prize.

As if they had punched a time clock and come on their shift, trout began to rise, poking their heads and shoulders out of water. None before; now, one minute later, here, there and everywhere rose fish, any one of which, if only we could have landed it, you and I would have sent to a taxidermist.

Grant picked a fly off the water. It was so minuscule I hadn't even seen it. I wouldn't have known what it was in any case; I have trouble enough recognizing my fellow-American insects. Grant identified it as a Pale Watery Dun. Then, of this least of nature's creatures, but one of importance to trout, to him and to me, he said, "Poor little thing! It's dead." Another person might have been amused at pity so incongruously misplaced, but I had a moment's illumination, a sense of the oneness with his world that a dedicated fly-fisherman can feel.

The insect known as the Pale Watery Dun is imitated by the fly known as *Top's Indispensable*, so called because it was originally tied with hair from the bollocks of a ram, or tup. (See *Othello*: Iago to Brabantio, "Zounds! sir, y'are robb'd; for shame, put on your gown; Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul. Even now, now, very now, an old black ram is topping your white ewe.") I turned out to have a *Top's Indispensable* among my newly bought English flies. Grant found it for me and said, "Have at that fellow rising just there. I know him. He'll go four pounds."

"You have it him while I observe how it's done," I said. "I see that I've got a lot to learn."

continued

First, Humphrey had to spot a rising fish; only then could he cast, kneeling amid the reeds.



Church. In the end Skues won, posthumously, and fishing with the nymph is not just tolerated on the lichen nowadays, it's widely practiced; but this is the only deviation from the dry fly that is permitted. That, I'm convinced, is because once they had overcome their antipathy and tried it, the purists found that



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Beaver Bagg

Grant stopped tiptoeing along the footpath when he was still a good 50 feet from the outermost rings made by that fish's latest rise and dropped to his knees. Fish fine and far off, yes, I thought, but must I cast that distance, clearing those weeds at my back, and onto this glassy water put down my fly within a foot of the fish so as to give it no more than a split second to inspect my offering and, on top of all that, do it on my knees? Then, as I watched, was what Grant Wolstenholme did again and again, never once hanging up, and with such finesse that, although the fish never took his fly, neither was it put down in fright. If he couldn't catch that fish, what on earth was I, in my clumsiness, to do?

I said I believed I'd seen enough to go

which, after giving up on the weedy bank and crossing the footbridge, I promptly did. "The riverkeeper's fly box," Pat calls the fence, and says that by running it and harvesting its catch he can earn himself a quid on a good day.

I could blame at least a part of my failure on my equipment. I had brought with me from home several rods, but all were meant for casting to either bank from midstream of the narrow brooks you and I are used to. On Monday I went to a tackle shop and bought myself a rod 8½ feet long. With the added length I'm in



Owners of River Test water were grateful when Humphrey rid them of a marauding 12-pound pike.

off and try on my own. Wolstenholme wished me luck. Between him and me I put three bends of the river so as to be well out of sight.

I spied a fish on the rise, knelt, cast and hung my fly in the weeds. In trying for my first fish, before putting it down, I lost half a dozen of my new flies in those weeds. Agrimony, they're called, and, often as it must have been made, the pun is irresistible: They are very "agrimonyous." In searching for my lost flies I found, while getting stung all over by nettles, almost as many others left there by fishermen before me. Here that's part of the game and adds to the sport, as does hanging up on the barbed-wire fence,

effect not much shorter, when kneeling, than I am when standing.

That Sunday, discouraged, disgusted, stung and smarting from top to toe, I quit fishing and went off to see how Dorothy was making out with Pat. I came, unseen, around a bend and found him giving her a lesson in what I recognized from my reading as the steeple cast, with which to clear the weeds at her back. I departed, still unseen, after hearing him say, "The wrist. It's all done with the wrist. Now imagine that you are holding a book under your arm. . . ."

Yours,  
Bill

cc: Nick, Ted

Winchester, Hants., England

Dear Nick,

We have now fished the Itchen every day for a week. The weather has remained dry and hot, the water low and clear. These fish have eyes in the backs of their heads, and are all the wiser for having been caught and put back a dozen times, so our time is spent down on our knees among the nettles.

The fish are here, all right—big fish, and plenty of them. When I say big I mean three, four, five pounds, browns the likes of which you and I are privileged to see maybe once in several seasons. And they feed. There's no point in getting onto the water before 10 in the morning or in staying on after four in the afternoon. Pat Fox tells me that when there's an evening rise at this time of year, it's spectacular, only there never is one. But between those hours the fish feed freely, greedily. But on what?

Nowhere have I encountered fish so particular. I now realize that to have any sport with the wild and wary trout of this river one must know thoroughly its insect life and the British flies that match the natural ones. In desperation I've tried some of the old reliable attractor patterns that, without imitating anything with a Latin name, just look buggy and that often work so well for us. All are scorned, even when, as seldom happens, you put your fly, tied to a leader 15 feet long and upering to a tippet of 6X, down on a dime. Our take for the week: One fish between us. The only small one I've seen.

The weather has been against us, but that's not enough of an excuse. The truth is, the Itchen demands and deserves far better fishermen than we are. Thoroughly beaten by it, I look forward to the Test, beginning tomorrow. What makes me think we'll do any better there? I'm encouraged by Pat's words. They weren't meant to be encouraging, they were meant to be condescending. "Mmm," he said drily. "It's easy over there." I just hope that the scorn contained in that is abundantly confirmed.

Yours,  
Bill

cc: AL Ted

Romsey, Hants., England

Dear Ted,

No two trout streams are ever quite alike, yet when they're separated from each other by no more than a few miles,

continued

Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A black and white photograph of a man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a dark shirt, playing a trumpet. The trumpet is angled diagonally across the frame, with the bell pointing towards the upper right. The man's face is partially in shadow, and he is looking down at the instrument.

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Lane's Caperer

you don't expect the differences to be very great, certainly not what they are between the Ichen and the Test. Water equally clear, equally cold, flows in both over the same dense growth of watercress, starwort, Ranunculus, mare's tail, crowfoot. Ducks nest, swans cruise on both—we have a resident pair just outside our cottage door. It's as obligatory on the one river as it is on the other to fish to a seen fish, upstream, and with either the dry fly or the nymph. There similarities cease. The differences between the two are in the attitudes and the approaches of the regulars who fish them. Those of the Ichen are Roundheads, those of the Test, Cavaliers.

For Pat Fox the Test may be easy—not for the likes of me. But it is easier than the Ichen. It's easier because, first and foremost, there are more fish in it to be caught. There are more fish because the Test is stocked with hatchery fish, stocked heavily and often. These learn soon enough to earn their own living and to be wary of handouts, but they are never as furtive and unapproachable as stream-bred fish. And in the Test there are abundant rainbow trout as well as browns. Rainbow trout are not fools, but they are naturally a bit more trusting and a bit less finicky than their cousins. On the Test wading is resorted to only when there is absolutely no other way to reach a fish, but it is not forbidden. The killing of an occasional fish is allowed on the Test, thus not all become too experienced to be caught again, whereas on the Ichen each fish is put back, thereby adding another wrinkle to its brain and possibly to those of its offspring. In sum, the less puritanical, more relaxed and permissive approach along the Test allows some hope for a fair fisherman like me; the Ichen is strictly for experts.

Dorothy and I moved over here the other day. We're settled, several miles outside the town, in my friend's cottage on the bank of the river. Downstream from us a few hundred yards there's an island of about half an acre in midstream. Footbridges link it to both banks. We've been invited by the owner to fish all her three miles. From down at the foot of this stretch, looking across water meadows in which Henry V assembled his troops before sailing off to Agincourt, you can see the roof and tower of squat old Romsey Abbey. Its bells peal to you as you fish the evening rise.

I believed it was impossible ever to get a rod anywhere on an inch of this river, and already owners along it whom we've met have one and all invited us to fish theirs. Our first day it was upstream from here, at Mottisfont, the setting for that excellent book, John Waller Hill's *A Summer on the Test*. The weather—which has since changed most decidedly—was still clear and hot then. So clear and so hot that the wader baited, pulling a long face and shaking his head as he put us on our stretch before returning to his tractor, said, "I'm afraid you're wasting your time today, sir."

You know my dismal record well enough to know that were I to report catching the world-record fish it still wouldn't amount to boasting; it would just be luck. Well, that morning, fishing an English fly called the Beacon Beige—which I chose only because it reminded me somewhat of my old favorite back home, the Gray Fox Variant—on my first cast, before the bailiff had reached his waiting machine, I hooked a two-pound trout.

Fishing is the life and the talk of this valley, and word of my prowess quickly spread through it. The bailiff reported to the owner of the water that this American bloke had hooked a fine fish on his first cast on a day that defied the world. The supposition, which I did nothing to dispel, was that I could do it every time. Other invitations to show my stuff have followed this exploit of mine. In fact, we've been offered more fishing than we can do.

Yesterday—still clear and hot—we fished at Kimbridge, between us and Mottisfont, at the invitation of the owner. Buoyed by my change of luck, I found myself not only casting better but actually believing in the possibility that I might catch something.

As might be expected, a bridge crosses the river at Kimbridge. About 100 yards below the bridge I spotted a fish rising regularly just off the opposite bank. So wide is the river there that wading is a must. But the water is so choked with weeds, even though they are scythed down several times a year, as to make wading extremely difficult. The nearest I

was able to get to my target would still have been too far away had I not had my new long rod. I cast to that fish without putting it down through seven changes of flies. The eighth, an Iron Blue Dun, was what it wanted, and for the first time I had the satisfaction of deceiving, with a



The pellucid water of the Test runs beside Ichen

match of the hatch, an English trout. About two pounds and full of fight—a fish to make my season back home, here run-of-the-mill.

Later that day, upstream from that spot, just below the bridge where the riv-



er widens into a big pool, Graham Finlayson, taking pictures of me from the far bank, pointed to the water at his feet and held up his hands two feet apart.

I yelled across to him, "I can't cast that far."

Graham spread his hands still wider.

cast between two reeds sticking out of the water about a dozen feet apart. It would be about like kicking a field goal from your own 10-yard line. However, nothing was to be lost by trying.

My first cast fell short. I expected that. What pleased me and encouraged me to

and thus almost didn't strike back when the fish struck. A conditioned reflex took over for me, and I was fast to one of the biggest, maybe the biggest, surely the fightingest fish of my life.

Either it had been hooked many times before or else it was hooked now for the



*Manxshire pastarland and above thick aquatic vegetation in which brown and rainbow trout browse, feeding greedily on hankers of emerging insects.*

rolled his eyes and formed his lips into a silent whistle.

I couldn't even see the fish; there was no way in the world I could reach it. The distance was beyond my range. To complicate matters further, I would have to

try again was how little short it fell. My second cast was the best of my life, right between those two reeds, lighting in the innermost of the rings left by the fish on its last rise. So amazed was I at the cast I'd made I forgot my reason for making it

first time ever. The memory of fear or the awful, unaccountable novelty of it. Either could have explained the fish's explosive rush to escape. There was no restraining its first upstream run that emptied the reel of line down to the backing. I

*continued*

held the rod with both hands above my head and let it run, the farther the better. The expenditure of such energy would soon enough exhaust it.

As the fish rested from its initial run, I surveyed our battlefield. The advantages were the fish's: one was overwhelmingly so. The drought had lowered the water level so that the thick weeds rose to the very surface, lush as the growth in a greenhouse. Upon such headlong runs as the fish's first I would have to depend, for should our fight last long, the fish would take to the weeds as surely as a fox to earth and I would be unable to budge it for fear of breaking my leader.

Never had I known a fish so game. Downstream and upstream, again and again it charged, and rather than tiring, it seemed to gain mettle. Joined as we were by the taut, throbbing line, the fish telegraphed to me its every impulse, almost its every thought. Mortal enemies we were, but lovers could hardly have been more closely coupled. Thus I knew when, having tried and failed to free itself by running, it resorted to another dodge. I felt its rise begin in time to lower my rod and give slack to the line. It broke the surface and climbed into the air, thrashing, showering spray. A rainbow it was—my first. It was the phosphorescent red line down its length that told me unmistakably what it was. It stood upon the water like an exclamation point. A fish of four, maybe five, pounds—decidedly the biggest I'd ever hooked.

Having tired running and leaping only

*The prey was salmon when he fished from a motor lawn, but Humphrey landed a rainbow.*



*Top's lollipop*

to find itself still hooked, the fish wasn't long in doing the thing I dreaded. It dove for the weeds. I waded to it (easier said than done) and made a pass with the landing net but succeeded only in scooping up weeds. The fish bolted, then sounded again. How many times this happened I don't know. Sometimes there wasn't water enough to cover the fish's back, and then it slithered over the weeds like a snake. Always it fought with undiminished resistance. I thought to deceive it into thinking it was now free and venturing out of the weeds on its own by slackening the line. This worked just once; the fish learned fast.

Our fight had taken us steadily upstream. Graham had followed, snapping away. He was counting on a successful outcome, a picture of me holding up my trophy. To disappoint him would double my own disappointment. But I was growing apprehensive. This must not be allowed to continue. By now the leader was surely fraying and might soon break; the hook would have worn a tear in the fish's jaw and might soon slip out, or else might straighten. To prepare Graham for the worst, I yelled, "I may lose this fellow."

For now the end, one way or the other, had come. Just below the bridge the fish had half buried itself in the tangle of growth on a cable stretched there across the river. It couldn't free itself. I would have to do it. I closed in.

There was no way to get the net under the fish and I knew that even now, spent as it was, it still retained a last reserve of power to call upon, a reserve that it didn't know it had but that the touch of my hand would spook. But a fish that brave I meant to put back anyway, after getting a picture of it; genes like those were a treasure to its kind, and the fish was drowning by the moment. I grabbed it and, sure enough, got what felt like an electric shock. The fish was gone, taking with it my fly. When I rose, defeated, I realized how tired I was.

"Lost it!" I yelled across to Graham.

"But you put up a jolly good fight!"

That shout came not from Graham. It came from a party of four who had



*Need Her Lure Is The Houghton Club's keeper.*

watched from the bridge. So absorbed had I been that I never knew they were there. They gave me a hand and I tipped my hat to them.

I stopped on the road today to ask directions of a lollipop lady. A lollipop lady? One who halts traffic to let school-children cross the road, using for a stop sign a dingus the shape of a big red lollipop. I thanked her. "Pleasure, my angel," she said. A touch of old Hampshire, I'm told.

Yours,  
Bill

cc: Al, Nick



# Romsey, Hants., England

Dear Al,

A party of fishermen, friends of our host's, have been using the cottage this weekend as a base, a shelter from the rain, a place to have a drink. One young fellow came dashing in day before yesterday to announce that he'd just seen the biggest trout of his life. It lay below the footbridge that spans the river to the island. We went down to have a look. It was a big fish, and had it been a trout, it would have been the biggest of anybody's life, but it wasn't; it was a pike. It lay in about three feet of water, looking as sinister as an enemy submarine lying in wait, and like a submarine camouflaged in stripes, green on green. I dutifully reported the fish's presence to the riverkeeper. These killers of trout are much hated by the owners of the water, who want the fishermen who lease rods from them to be happy with their catch. The keeper made several passes at snatch-hooking the fish with a spinning rod. He failed.

Yesterday, the weekend over, the party gone and with no trout anywhere to be seen, I thought I'd have a try for that pike. Dorothy accompanied me. The fish lay in the same spot—hadn't moved an inch. Using a Mepps spinner, I made a cast across stream and reeled it slowly past the fish. It struck. I struck back, hooked and in the same second lost it. I cast again instantly. Again the fish struck, and this time it was hooked solidly. The spinning rod was a small one, the line light, and the fight that ensued took me up and down the island several times before the fish surfaced. The net, a big net, hardly contained it. An old fish, to judge by its worn and blunted teeth, one that had devoured many a trout and duckling. Once again, word of my catch has spread through the valley, bringing invitations to fish other waters and rid them of these predators.

Rain has set in, as though to make up at once for the long dry spell. With no fishing possible I made the obligatory pilgrimage to the Cathedral in Winchester. On the gravestone of Jane Austen, insaid in the floor of the aisle, rested a bouquet of flowers fresh from a florist. To the sender, Jane Austen was as alive as ever in life, for on the card accompanying the bouquet was written, "In gratitude."

Then to the Walton chapel. To most of the brotherhood their Isaac is more their patron than the sainted Peter (who, after



Both the Itchen and the Test flow off the Hampshire Downs and meander southerly to Southampton Water and then on down to the English Channel.



all, fished with a net), and in 1914 the anglers of England and America honored him with a stained-glass window in the chapel of this great cathedral, where he's buried. Walton had two rivers in his long life, as he had two wives. Of his rivers, the first was the Staffordshire Dove; that of his old age (he lived to 90) was the Itchen, which flowed then, as it does now, just outside the walls of the Cathedral close. In the window's two portraits of him he's doing what English anglers in the course of a day's fishing do so much of: not fishing. In one he's reading, and in the other he's saying grace over his and his companion's streamside lunch.

Out by invitation to dinner last evening, the conversation turned to my native state. Said a citizen of this self-sufficient corner of the world, "Now, where is Texas?"

Yours,

Bill

cc: Ted, Nick

Romsey, Hants., England

Dear Ted,

Kept indoors by pelting rain. You don't see any fish on days like these, and here, if you don't see a fish, you don't fish. So you stay indoors. At least, we do, though we see men whose one day of the week on the water it is walking along the riverbanks and peering like hungry herons, oblivious to being streaming wet. And not just men. We share our home stretch here with two women who are the most fanatical anglers I've ever seen, and

I've seen some fanatics. Nothing deters these two, nothing daunts them, nothing tires them, and both ladies are grandmothers more times than one. No matter how foul the day they are out till dark and then, even without a fish between them, they are sorry to quit. The other day, before they set off downstream to fish their way back up it, I invited them to come in for a drink and a drying-out when they returned. The downpour had been day-long. When they came back it was almost dark and they were dripping wet and their Wellingtons were caked with cow dung. I watched them through the window, primping themselves before knocking on the cottage door, each in turn holding up a pocket mirror for the other to make her face. Said one, "We're exhausted and, as for me, I'm being very wicked. It's Sunday and I've got a husband and a son for whom I ought to have cooked dinner, and today is the birthday of one of my granddaughters. But"—merrily—"here I am!"

Kept indoors by the weather, I've been doing some reading, and it has changed my thinking about the regulations governing fishing here. They are not the arbitrary and snobbish refinements upon an already elitist code that I took them to be. Here they make sense. In fact, they constitute an admirable example of sportsmanship, consideration for others

continued



Pheasant's Tail

and a farsighted effort at conversation—things that make sense anywhere.

Wading: It muddies the water and spoils the sport for the fisherman just downstream from you. Here, in this small and thickly populated country, there always is a fisherman just downstream from you. Until recently, most of our American trout streams were never crowded enough to make this a consideration, but here they are—and they are getting to be with us, too.

Wet flies: To fish them is, in an arresting phrase of Skues's, "to occupy a selfish amount of water." And they are less sporting. You will often read that fishing

fishing only to a seen fish: The third and most different of the differences between our English cousins and us. Possible on these placid and pelleted chalk streams, rich in insect life: unadaptable to our fast and broken waters. But I couldn't have caught more fish casting wholesale than I've caught calling my shots, nor had as much fun doing it. Being more deliberate, less accidental, it's that much more gratifying. Studying

Houghton, an nearby Stockbridge. The club was founded in 1822, and for many years its membership has been limited to 22. Members and their guests have included Turner and Landseer, who left drawings of theirs in the club's record books. One recent guest H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. Tomorrow's guest: Yours Truly.

We drove over yesterday, met the keeper, Mick Lunn, and were shown the clubhouse. Entering this was the angling equivalent of opening King Tut's tomb. The furnishings were put in place on or shortly after the date of the club's founding and never moved, neither subtracted from nor added to, reupholstered nor refinished, since then. The leather of the armchairs is cracked and split and soiled with generations of hair pomade. Wine spilt from toasts stains—and always will—the carpet, which any ragpicker would refuse. On the walls hang trophy trout, not mounted but mummified. No one but the members knows what the dues are, but this sort of sanctified shabbiness is very expensive. The would-be member waits until a place among the 22 falls vacant. Today's oldest active member is 93. Over 14 miles of water rights the club owns. An invitation to fish it is like being presented privately to the queen. Before I mail this I'll jot down how we do.

Alas, fisherman's luck. We were rained out.

Yours,  
Bill

cc. Al, Nick

Romsey, Hants, England

Dear Nick,

Our stay here draws to a close; this will be my last communication. Seasons on fishing here are not fixed by law but by the river owners. Or rather, by nature herself. It's getting to be spawning time for trout and time for men to turn their thoughts elsewhere.

But fishing goes on for a while yet—salmon fishing. Yes, there is something of a run of salmon in the Test, and here, in contrast to the lichen, they aren't discriminated against but are made to feel welcome. Day before yesterday I was invited to try for one.

Picture not a rugged mountain tarn, nor a raging waterfall, nor a rocky, wind-spray-swept estuary far from habitation. Picture instead a level lawn as care-

continued



In 1860, members of the ultra-exclusive Houghton Club depart for a day's outing on their trout water.

the wet fly is actually harder than fishing the dry fly, and no doubt it's easier to strike and hook a fish seen rising to your bait than to develop that sixth sense that tells you when to strike an unseen fish. But it's also certainly true that casting the dry fly demands accuracy and delicacy, whereas you just chuck the wet fly and leave it to the current, and it's true, too, that with the dry fly some closeness to matching the hatch is required, for the fish has time to inspect your offering, while at something vaguely hoggish moving rapidly underwater, it must strike without time to reconsider the matter. And, of course, trout do 90% of their feeding underwater, only 10% on the surface. Using the dry fly only is natural conservation of a limited resource.

your adversary individually, you get to know it better. It seems more like your fish.

The Test has been the laboratory of fly-fishing. Not much originated here, but—excuse it—everything got tested, and then hardened into intolerant dogma. It was here that the wet fly was definitely dropped or, to say the same thing another way, that fishermen turned around and faced upstream. It was here—too late for poor old Skues—that the long dictatorship of the dry fly was finally overthrown and the nymph accepted. Many of today's standard fly patterns were perfected on the Test. Most of these things were done on one stretch of the river, that belonging to the world's oldest and most exclusive trout club, the

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*Houghton Ruby*

fully sended as a cat's coat. Picture a house of the Edwardian age, reflecting in its sprawl and ease that era of peace and privilege, the last glow of empire before the sun began to set over it. Picture neat flowerbeds and barbered shrubs, thatched gazebos, ivy-grown garden walls, a flower-filled conservatory.

I didn't catch my fellow guest's full name when we were introduced, but it didn't matter, in moments we were Bill and Doug. Jolly nice chap. Suggested to me, who hadn't the faintest, which fly to use—a Logie—and positioned himself so that I was fishing ahead of him.

We were fishing downstream, of course, this being salmon fishing, casting always the same length of line, enough to reach the opposite bank, and letting the fly drift with the current to midstream before picking up and casting again. When, having fished out a spot, Doug moved nearer me, I moved on, thus keeping the same distance always between us. It was awfully generous of him to fish water I'd already cast to—generous, or else he felt certain he could catch fish where I couldn't—something I was quite ready to grant.

We'd been at it no more than a quarter of an hour when I felt a fish mouth my fly. In Scotland years before I'd lost my first and only salmon by responding to it like the trout fisherman I am: I instantly struck. It's what every trout fisherman does, and in so doing, half the time he pulls the fly out of a salmon's mouth, the jaws of which, if it's a cock fish, are forced apart by the kype it grows at spawning time and can't be closed. With salmon you must overcome instant suppress that impulse, wait, let the fish turn downstream, and then strike. This way, you will look the fish in the corner of its mouth. Remembering this, I let my fish send me four signals before I struck. Four I had it, though as the sequel will soon show, God only knows why. But I did, and it was a good one.

We were not many miles from the mouth of the Test, and until the recent rains, no salmon had been seen running. This felt like one fresh in from the sea, not one that had lolled about in a spawning pool for weeks, even months, eating nothing, growing lean and weak and debilitated by sex. This was a salt stall randy and spoiling for a fight, like a sailor just ashore. The rod I was using was not a light one, but this fish put a deep bend in it. I needed both hands for the battle. Doug, of course, obligingly withdrew his line from the water. In fact, he got a landing net, and after a tug-of-war lasting 10 minutes, lad my fish out on the grass. Like all the fish of the Test with which I've now made acquaintance, whether passing or permanent, this one was game to the end.

Now, a 7½-pound salmon is not a big one, yet when it's your first you're pleased with it and with yourself, especially with gracious ladies on a lovely lawn to admire it and congratulate you. But a 7½-pound rainbow trout is a big one, and that, on closer inspection, was what my fish turned out to be. With that you're more than pleased. It was a very silvery fish, with hardly any spots, and its red stripe was faint: that was what had

caused us at first to mistake it for a salmon.

I hadn't seen it, hadn't cast upstream, hadn't caught it on a dry fly. But, said my hostess, a fish that size was a cannibal, one she was glad to have out of the water, and for it any means was fair.

On hearing about it, one of my new friends observed, "Bill has really broken his duck." The phrase had to be interpreted for me. It's cricket talk, with duck short for duck egg, or zero. Translated into baseballese, it would be hitting a grand-slam homer after a season-long slump at bat.

Doug had done a neat job of netting my fish, and over the drinks that followed I thanked him as best I could. He left earlier than we did, and then I was able to learn from our hostess that the part of his name I hadn't caught was title. It was "Lord." Not many can boast of having had a peer of the realm for his ghillie.

The English are surprised and skeptical when told that you find them to be a likable people, friendly and hospitable. (Some of them are not entirely pleased. To a people long used to power and deference, being liked may seem uncomfortably close to coyness, to friendliness and hospitality, virtues useful to those who in their station have need of useful virtues.) I'm reminded of the story about the two American ladies, strangers, forced to share a table in a crowded dining room. Said the one, "I can tell from your accent

that you're from Boston. I've just been there for the first time. Before leaving Alabama, I was told to expect to find Bostonians cool and unfriendly. It's not true. They were all just as nice as could be." Said the lady from Boston, "I am afraid you did not meet the right people."

Thinking back, as we're about to leave, on the generosity and kindness to us of everyone here, I guess we didn't meet the right people.

Yours,  
Bill



In the Houghton tradition, 1832 guest Edwin Landwehr illustrated his regency entry.

cc: Al Ted

END

# Lord of the Canadians

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# LISTS

by PHIL PEPE and ZANDER HOLLANDER

## A SAMPLING OF LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS AND FIGURES TO AMUSE BASEBALL FANS

### RED FOLEY'S ALLTIME ALL-STAR TEAM OF PLAYERS WHO NEVER PLAYED IN THE MINOR LEAGUES

First base—Ernie Banks, Frank Chance  
Second base—Frank Frisch  
Third base—Bob Horner, Eddie Yost  
Shortstop—Dick Groat, Jack Barry  
Outfield—Dave Winfield, Mel Ott, Al Kaline, Ethan Allen  
Catcher—Michael (King) Kelly  
Pitchers—Sandy Koufax, Johnny Antonelli, Bob Feller, Ted Lyons, Eppa Rixey, Eddie Plank, Jack Coombs, Cut-throat Hunter

By way of qualification, Foley, who covered baseball for almost 20 years for the New York *Daily News*, adds, "Walker Johnson pitched in one game for Newark, which he was managing in 1928 after he'd finished as a major-leaguer. Kelly, a star of the 1880s, was a noted catcher who broke into the National League without benefit of minor league training. He began with Cincinnati in 1878 and didn't go to the minors until 1894; he played 90 games there. He died of typhoid pneumonia in November 1894. By '94, he'd drunk himself out of the National League. He was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1945."

### EIGHT GREAT BASEBALL LETTERS, SOME OF WHICH MADE HISTORY

1. Dixie (the People's Cherub) Walker was one of the most popular Brooklyn Dodgers ever. In 1947, when Jackie Robinson was about to break the color line, Walker was accused of being the ring-leader of a group of Dodgers who objected to Branch Rickey's signing of Robinson. Walker denied the charge in a meeting with Rickey, who had made the accusation. A few days later, Walker wrote the following letter to Rickey.

March the 26, 1947

Dear Mr. Rickey:

Recently the thought has occurred to me that a change of ball clubs would ben-

efit both the Brooklyn ball club and myself. Therefore I would like to be traded as soon as a deal can be arranged. My association with you, the people of Brooklyn, the press and radio has been very pleasant, and one I can truthfully say I am sorry has to end.

For reasons I don't care to go in to, I feel my decision is best for all concerned.

Very truly yours,  
Dixie Walker

As it turned out, Walker didn't get traded until after the '47 season.

2. and 3. Robinson's landmark career came to an end when the Dodgers traded him to the Giants after the 1956 season. He never played another game. Buzze Bavasi, a Dodger vice-president, gave Robinson his formal notice, and owner Walter O'Malley added his regrets.

Dear Jackie:

Enclosed herewith please find your Official Release Notice indicating your assignment to the New York Giants. This is something I never thought I would ever have to do, and as a matter of fact, I want you to know it was done with a great deal of reluctance.

Some time ago, I believe just before the season started, you wrote me a letter which I still have in the files. I appreciated that letter, just as I appreciated everything you did for us both on and off the field. I want to put this in writing, that you were a great deal of assistance in our

scouting . . . on numerous occasions you helped us sign boys whom we would have lost. There is a great deal more to baseball than just playing the game on the field. I think you know what I mean.

I certainly enjoyed our association over the past six years, and I hope we can continue that association. Please remember me to Rachel, and to you both, our door is always open.

Sincerely,  
E.J. Bavasi  
Vice-President

Dear Jackie and Rachel:

I do know how you and the youngsters must have felt. It was a sad day for us, as well.

You were courageous and fair and philosophical on radio and television and in the press. It was better that way.

The roads of life have a habit of recrossing. There could well be a future intersection. Until then, my best to you both.

With a decade of memories,

Au revoir,  
Walter O'Malley

4. After World War II began, there was uncertainty as to whether major league baseball would continue. President Roosevelt provided the answer when he wrote what would forever be known as The Green Light Letter early in 1942. It was addressed to Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
Washington

January 15, 1942

My Dear Judge:

Thank you for yours of January fourteenth. As you will, of course, realize, the final decision about the baseball season must rest with you and the baseball club owners—so what I am going to say is solely a personal and not an official point of view.

I honestly feel that it would be best for the country to keep baseball going. There will be fewer people unemployed and everybody will work longer hours and harder than ever before.

And that means that they ought to have a chance for recreation and for taking their minds off their work even more than before.

Baseball provides a recreation which does not last over two hours or two hours and a half, and which can be got for very

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HUGHES/ARTIST





little cost. And, incidentally, I hope that night games can be extended because it gives an opportunity to the day shift to see a game occasionally.

As to the players themselves, I know you agree with me that individual players who are of active military or naval age should go, without question, into the services. Even if the actual quality of the teams is lowered by the greater use of older players, this will not dampen the popularity of the sport. Of course, if any individual has some particular aptitude in a trade or profession, he ought to serve the Government. That, however, is a matter which I know you can handle with complete justice.

Here is another way of looking at it— if 300 teams use 5,000 or 6,000 players, these players are a definite recreational asset to at least 20,000,000 of their fellow citizens—and that in my judgment is thoroughly worthwhile.

With every best wish,

Very sincerely yours,  
Franklin D. Roosevelt

5. As president of the American League, an irate Ban Johnson struck out the mighty Babe Ruth

Chicago, Ill., June 21, 1922

Mr. George H. Ruth  
c/o Brunswick Hotel  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

There is a period in the trend of affairs when forbearance ceases to be a virtue. In your struggling moments to regain your prestige in the ranks of your profession, much indulgence was shown you. Thus plainly you did not understand, and again have overreached the point of consideration and the hope of thoughts of those who tried to bring you into the line of usefulness and worthy endeavor.

I was keenly disappointed and amazed when I received Umpire Dinneen's report, recounting your shameful and abusive language to that official in the game at Cleveland last Monday.

Bill Dinneen was one of the greatest pitchers the game ever produced, and with common consent we hand to him today the just tribute. He is one of the cleanest and most honorable men baseball ever fostered.

The American League is a stern and unrelenting organization. It has a clear conception of its duty toward the public.

continued

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collections**

## LISTS CONTAINED

Any departure from sportsmanship, fair play and decency will be sharply rebuked. Your conduct at Cleveland on Monday was reprehensible to a great degree—shocking to every American mother who permits her boy to go to a professional game.

The American League cares nothing for Ruth. The individual player means nothing to the organization. When he steps on the ballfield he is subject to our control and discipline. It is a leading question as to whether it is permissible to allow a man of your influence and breeding to continue in the game. The evidence is at hand that you have willfully betrayed two of the most enterprising and indigent club owners in the game.

Again you offended on Tuesday. You branded Umpire Dinneen as "yellow." This is the most remarkable declaration a modern ballplayer has made. Dinneen stands out in the history of the game as one of the most courageous players we have ever had. If you could match up to his standard you would not be in the trough you occupy today. A man of your stamp bodes no good in the profession.

I have a thorough knowledge of your misconduct where you dragged your teammates to a violation of club rules absolutely at variance with discipline and loyalty. What I have in my possession I will later submit to President Ruppert and Col. Huron [then owners of the Yankees].

It would be the height of folly to condone the things you have done. In the history of baseball there was never another player who drew the enormous salary your contract calls for this year. You are plainly not earning your money, and your prestige has sunk to a standard where you are of no particular value to the New York club.

Coupled with your misconduct on Monday, you doubted the penalty on Tuesday. You are hereby notified of your suspension for five (5) days without salary. It seems the period has arrived when you should allow some intelligence to creep into a mind that has plainly been warped.

I am  
Yours truly,  
B.B. Johnson

6. When Joe Carneri was 18, in 1955, he was the most famous bat boy in the major leagues. Author of a book, *Yankee Bat-boy*, and confidant of some of the great-

est Yankees of all. Carmen was with the Yanks through six world championship seasons. Today he's a lawyer on Long Island. This is a letter he wrote home when he was on a road trip, a reward given the hat boys in those days.

The Chase  
St. Louis, Mo.  
Dear Mom & Dad,

I went downtown today with Billy Martin. I thought myself a pair of shoes. I threw away the other pair. They were no good anymore. All that was wrong with them was the top part of the shoe. It came off. I have \$25 left. Casey Stengel said if I run short, he'll give me a check for \$20. He doesn't want me to spend it foolishly, so he'd rather give it to me when I get home. That makes sense. I'm sure you'll agree.

We'll be out of this hothouse of a city tonight, and it can't come too soon. They've been talking about the Browns moving to Baltimore. I hear that's a hot city, too, but it can't be as hot as St. Louis.

I can't wait to get to Washington. That'll mean I'm that much closer to home.

Love,  
Joe

7. Ira Berkow, now of *The New York Times*, was sports editor of *Newspaper Enterprise Association* when in 1974 he spoke with Casey Stengel, proposing they do a book together. This was Casey's answer.

Ira Berkow, Sport's Editor:

NEA Newspaper  
N.Y. City, N.Y.

Dear Ira:

Your conversation's, and the fact you were the working writer were infused with the ideas was great but frankly do not care for the great amount of work for myself.

Sorry but am not interested. Have to many proposition's otherwise for this coming season.

Fact cannot disclose my Future affair's

Good Luck,  
Casey Stengel  
N.Y. Mets & Hall of Famer

8. Shufflin' Phil Douglas, righthanded pitcher for the Giants, in 1922 was 32 years old and in his ninth season. He was

continued

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## a word to the wise

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11-4 when he missed several games. Upon returning to the Polo Grounds he was chewed out by John McGraw, and in the clubhouse he sat down and, on Giants stationery, wrote the following note to Outfielder Les Mann of the Cardinals, who were battling the Giants for first place.

Dear Les:

I want to leave here. I don't want to see this guy [McGraw] win the pennant. You know I can pitch, and I am afraid if I stay I will win the pennant for him.

Talk this over with the boys, and if it is all right, send the goods to my house at night and I will go to the fishing camp. Let me know if you all will want to do this, and I will go home on the next train.

Phil Douglas

Douglas and Mann had been teammates on the Cubs for two years. Mann, who was a pretty straight arrow, turned the letter over to then Cardinals Manager Branch Rickey, who in turn contacted McGraw. On Aug. 16, several days after the letter had been written, the Giants were playing in Pittsburgh and staying at the Hotel Schenley. McGraw, with Judge Landis present, confronted Douglas with the evidence. Douglas admitted he'd authored it, and was subsequently banned from baseball for life. The Giants went on to win the pennant and the World Series that year.

**17 GRADUATES OF LOS ANGELES' FREMONT HIGH WHO PLAYED IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES**

1. Bobby Doerr
2. Bud Stewart
3. Merrill Combs
4. Gene Mauch
5. Clint Conaser
6. Dick Conger
7. Glenn Mickens
8. Al Granwald
9. Willie Crawford
10. Bobby Tolan
11. Bob Watson
12. Brock Davis
13. George Hendrick
14. Leon McFadden
15. Alonzo Harris
16. Dan Ford
17. Chet Lemon

At least three other major-leaguers, George Metkovich, Hal Spindel and Nippy Jones, attended Fremont. Spindel

transferred to another school; Metkovich and Jones didn't graduate.

**PRO FOOTBALL HALL OF FAMERS WHO PLAYED MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL**

1. Red Badgro
2. Paddy Driscoll
3. George Halas
4. Earle (Greasy) Neale
5. Ernie Nevers
6. Ace Parker
7. Jim Thorpe

**A FANTASY ON HOW EIGHT BASEBALL GREATS WOULD RUN THE BOSTON MARATHON**

By the late Ray Fitzgerald of *The Boston Globe*.



1. Babe Ruth would have 26 hot dogs and 385 beers and finish up with a picnic lunch along the Charles.
2. Hank Aaron would go unnoticed for 21 miles and suddenly would appear three miles ahead of everyone else on the Newton hills.
3. Ty Cobb would spike three judges, rip five kids off their bicycles and stuff a rubber hose down the throat of a spectator trying to give him Gatorade.
4. Reggie Jackson would drive a silver Phaeton to the starting line, demand No. 1 and hold a press conference on the psychological ramifications of the marathon as related to the cosmic whole.
5. Ted Williams would spit at the press bus.
6. Pete Rose would run the distance five times.

7. Shoeless Joe Jackson would appear from behind a tree in Brookline and a small kid would yell out, "Say it ain't so, Joe."

8. Casey Stengel would get to the Happy Swallow bar in Framingham Center and tell stories for the rest of the afternoon, and you could look it up.

**TWO TEAMS THAT DID NOT WIN A PENNANT IN 1933 DESPITE HAVING FOUR HALL OF FAMERS PITCH FOR THEM**

1. New York Yankees (2nd): Lefty Gomez, Red Ruffing, Herb Pennock, Babe Ruth.
2. St. Louis Cardinals (5th): Dizzy Dean, Dazzy Vance, Burleigh Grimes, Jesse Haines.

Haines, Grimes (both 39) and Vance (42) won 15 games among them. Ruth, 38, won his only start—his second pitching appearance in 12 years—despite giving up 12 hits and five runs.

**AN ALL-STAR TEAM OF PLAYERS BORN ON APRIL FOOL'S DAY**

- 1b—Wilie Montanez, 1948
- 2b—Rod Kanehl, 1934
- 3b—Dick Kenworthy, 1941
- ss—Murray Franklin, 1914
- of—Rusty Staub, 1944
- of—Claude Cooper, 1892
- of—Jeff Heath, 1915
- c—Bill Friel, 1876
- rhp—Phil Niekro, 1939
- lhp—Ron Perranoski, 1936
- mgr—Hugo Bezdek, 1884

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S 15 BEST BASEBALL QUOTES**

(No Comedy of Errors)

Although baseball was not invented until 250 years after the Elizabethan Age, one can find several references to it in the plays of Shakespeare. There's no record of the Immortal Bard having played for the Avon Hotspurs, but the old boy seems to have been familiar with diamond jargon. Harvey Sabinson, executive director of the League of New York Theaters and Producers, Broadway's equivalent of the Commissioner's Office, found these references to our national pastime while skimming the Bard's complete works one night.

1. "Quick, quick, good hands."—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Scene 2.
2. "Tis true; there's magic in the web of it."—Othello, Act III, Scene 4.

continued

# Earning a buck is hard. Enjoying it shouldn't be.

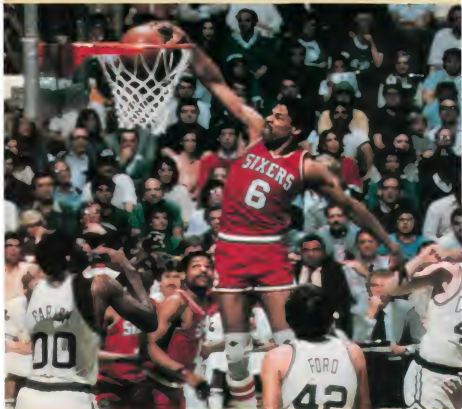
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# Why Sports Illustrated subscribers keep coming back...



Game Seven 1982 NBA Eastern Conference Championship

Photo by Larry Kahaner

Only seconds remained before the start of the seventh game between Boston and Philadelphia for the NBA's Eastern Conference championship—a game that, if the Sixers lost, would have been the most devastating in a succession of postseason 76er swoons. And, suddenly, materializing almost before their eyes in Boston Garden stood five Boston fans wearing hooded sheets bearing the legend THE GHOSTS OF CELTICS PAST... “That’s when I got scared,” Philadelphia’s Julius Erving said. “I thought it was the Klan.”

But that bias from the past didn’t help the Celtics.... This Philadelphia team played like the old run-and-shoot gangs of the late ’70s, and the runningest and shootingest were Erving and Andrew Toney. The Doctor... scored 29 points. Toney, a 6/4, a Boston Strangler, got 34. “We were a different team today,” said [Sixer Guard Maurice] Cheeks. “We played like we were possessed.” But not by The Ghosts of the Celtics Past. —Anthony Cotton, *SI*—May 31, 1982.

**Incredible photography. You-are-there writing. Renew your subscription now and reserve yourself the best seat in the house.**

3. "What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak."—*Henry VI, Part 1, Act V, Scene 2.*
4. "Our bruised arms hung up for monuments."—*Richard III, Act I, Scene 1.*
5. "'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white; And, being a winner, God give you good night!"—*The Taming of the Shrew, Act V, Scene 2.*
6. "'O! that I were a glove upon that hand. . .'"—*Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Scene 2.*
7. "'O wall' full often hast thou heard my moans."—*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V, Scene 1.*
8. "'If I were mad, I should forget my son, Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.'"—*King John, Act III, Scene 4.*
9. ". . . and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end. . .'"—*Henry V, Act V, Scene 2.*

From The Baseball Book of Lists by Phil Pepe and Zander Hollander, to be published by Pinnacle Books

10. "Let them play. Play, sirs."—*Henry IV, Part 2, Act II, Scene 4.*
11. ". . . out, I say."—*Macbeth, Act V, Scene 1.*
12. "'O hateful error.'"—*Julius Caesar, Act V, Scene 3.*
13. "A hit, a very palpable hit."—*Hamlet, Act V, Scene 2.*
14. "Double, double."—*Macbeth, Act IV, Scene 1.*
15. ". . . who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?"—*Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Scene 4.*

- than .300 every odd year. Who was it?
5. Who established a record by losing three World Series games while trying not to?
6. Who were the only brothers in baseball to win batting titles?
7. Who were the only pitching brothers to win the Cy Young Award?
8. Which family had more baseball players than any other?
9. Who were the only brothers to hurl no-hitters?
10. What pitcher won 20 games in his first year in the majors and never pitched again?

#### ANSWERS

1. Ray Jansen of the St. Louis Browns, Sept. 30, 1910.
2. Ron Allen of the St. Louis Cardinals, brother of Hank Allen and Richie Allen, who got one hit in 11 times at bat during the 1972 season.
3. Harry Heilmann of the Detroit Tigers. He averaged .394 in 1921, .403 in 1923, .393 in 1925, and .398 in 1927. In 1929 he hit "only" .344 and then was sold to Cincinnati.
4. Bill Buckner of the Dodgers and Cubs. He broke his streak in 1981 by hitting .311.
5. Unlike Chicago's Claude (Lefty) Williams, who "threw" three games during the famed 1919 Black Sox scandal Series, New York Yankee George Frazier was doing his best when he lost three games during the 1981 World Series against the Dodgers.
6. Dixie Walker of the Brooklyn Dodgers (.357 in 1944) and Harry Walker of the Cardinals and Phils (.363 in 1947).
7. Gaylord and Jim Perry; Gaylord in 1972 (Cleveland Indians) and 1978 (San Diego Padres); Jim in 1970 (Minnesota Twins).
8. Five Delahanty brothers played in the majors. The most famous of the five was Big Ed (1888-1903), who was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1945; his less famous brothers were Tom (1894, 1896-97); Jim (1901-02, 1904-12, 1914-15); Joe (1907-09) and Frank, nicknamed Pudgie (1905-08, 1914-15).
9. Bob Forsch of the Cardinals (April 16, 1978) and Ken Forsch of the Astros (April 7, 1979).
10. Henry Schmidt, who was 21-13 for Brooklyn in 1903, the only year he played in the majors. Schmidt didn't like having to travel and so retired the following year.

END



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*The New York TIMES*

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"The Search for Alexander" was organized by The National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

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#### THREE PLAYERS WHO WON A BATTING CROWN WITHOUT HITTING A HOME RUN

1. Ginger Beaumont, Pittsburgh, 1902
2. Zack Wheat, Brooklyn, 1918
3. Rod Carew, Minnesota, 1972

#### 10 INCREDIBLY TOUGH TRIVIA QUESTIONS

1. Who got four hits in his first major league game and then never played in another?
2. Whose only hit in the majors was a home run?
3. Who led the American League in batting for four consecutive odd years and then, after failing to lead the fifth consecutive odd year, was sold?
4. One player, from 1971 to 1980, hit better than .300 every even year and less

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• **ILLINOIS Arlington Heights:** Gamers Paradise **Aurora:** Ace Hardware, Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies **Bensenville:** Village Toy Shop **Bloomington:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies **Buffalo Grove:** Bob's Hobby **Champaign:** Slot & Wing **Chicago:** South Chicago Gamers, Gamers Paradise, Hobby Center, Toy Castle, Toys Galore, Trost Hobby Shop **Crystal Lake:** Frank's (Barber, Toy & Hobbies) **Decatur:** Helms & Baskin Co. **Evanston:** Just For Fun **Glen Ellyn:** Glen Ellyn Toy & Card Shop **Glenview:** Klipper's Toys, Hobbies & Crafts **Lombard:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies **Moline:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies **Norridge:** Gamers Paradise **Northbrook:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies **Dekalb:** Brook Terrace **Gage's:** Castle of Toys **Palatine:** Complete Game **Peoria:** Prospect Variety Inc. **Rockford:** Slot & Wing **Rockford:** Don & Hobbies & Toys, Royal Hobby Shop **Round Lake:** Ace Hardware **Schaumburg:** The Hobbyist **Skokie:** Hobby Street **Vernon Hills:** The Hobbyist **Village Park:** Don's Toys & Hobbies **Westmont:** Lyle's Hobby & Craft Center **Winfield:** Prosci's Military Model Shop **Zion:** Snitch Toy Center • **INDIANA Clarksville:** Something To Do **Evansville:** Woolsey's Toys & Sports, ABC Hobbycraft **Indianapolis:** Board Room, Ed Schock's Toy & Hobby Shops, Tom Metzler Hobby Center, Toys By Rizz **Mentiville:** Toys By Rizz • **IOWA Cedar Falls:** Arts N' Crafts **Des Moines:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies, Thinker's Enterprise **Des Moines:** Anker Parity Books & Games, Toys N' More **Fort Dodge:** Hobby Craft **Iowa City:** Iowa Book & Supply Co. **Waterloo:** Arts N' Crafts • **KANSAS Kansas City:** J's Hobby Haven **Lawrence:** George's Hobby House **Lawrenceville:** Playworld **Leavenworth:** Fantasy **Leavenworth:** King's Crown **Leavenworth:** Village Toy & Hobby **Wichita:** Game Shop **McLoud's:** Toys By Roy • **MICHIGAN Ann Arbor:** Campus Bike & Toy Center, Rider's Hobby Shop **Barkley:** Alcove Hobby Shop **Birmingham:** Gags & Games **Detroit:** Game Kingdom Bookstore & Hobby Shop, J. Kay Stores **Grand Rapids:** Meyer Thrifts Acres, Meyer's Hobby House **Holland:** Cobblestone Crafts & Hobbies **Lansing:** Artline's Village, The Hobby Hub **East Lansing:** Rider's Hobby Shop **Lincoln Park:** Brown's Hobby Shop **Livonia:** Gags & Games **Macomb:** Brown's Hobby Shop **Pontiac:** Games Imported **Rochester:** Trackside Hobbies **Stirling Heights:** Hobbyville's **Warren:** Brown's Hobby Shop **Westland:** J. Kay **St. Paul:** • **MINNESOTA Bemidji:** The Hobby Hatch **Burnsville:** Tom's Pet & Hobby **Brooklyn Center:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies **Burnsville:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies, Hobbytown, Toys Plus **Duluth:** Allentice Books, Cars & Hobbies **Eden**

**Pez-in:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies, Toys Plus **Edina:** Games By James **Maplewood:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies **Wenatchee:** Don's Hobby, Toys Plus **Minneapolis:** Books Galore, Grassy Bug, Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies, Games By James, Grand Games, Jolly's, Little Tin Soldier, The Game Room, World of Toys & Hobbies **Minneapolis:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies, Games By James **Owensboro:** Thon Co. **Plymouth:** D&M Hobbies **Richfield:** Hub Hobby **Roseville:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies **Roseville:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies **St. Cloud:** Baker's Craft & Hobby **St. Louis Park:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies **St. Paul:** Grand Games, Storville Inc., Woodcraft **Hobby Virginia:** Sankson's Hobby **Woodbury:** Team Track Models • **MISSOURI Des Peres:** Des Peres Hobbies **Hatfield:** Hobby Center **Independence:** Fantasy **Toys Joplin:** Playworld **St. Louis:** Kansas City Bookstore Toy & Hobby, Dreams & Things, Playworld **St. Louis:** Yankee Goodie Game & Hobby **Springfield:** Toy-D **St. Louis:** Hobby Heaven, Spider's 5 & 10 • **NEBRASKA Bellevue:** Youngtown **Grand Island:** World of Toys & Hobbies **Lincoln:** Great Race & Hobby Place, Hobby Town, Youngtown **Omaha:** Hobby Center **JC Penny's:** Youngtown • **NORTH DAKOTA Bismarck:** Meredith's Craft & Hobby **Fargo:** Gager's Arts, Crafts & Hobbies **Hatch:** OHIO All Twin Fair Stores **Akron:** Little Shop of War, Toys By Rizz **Athens:** The Specialty Shops **Beechwood:** Toys By Rizz **Cincinnati:** Boardwalk **Cleveland:** National Hobby Toys By Rizz **Cleveland Heights:** Heights Furniture & Toy Co. **Columbus:** Gracefield **Hobbsfield:** Droway Dragon, Hobbyland Town & Country, Stette Hobbies, Town & Country **Hobbyland Dayton:** Tin Soldier **Lakewood:** Wings Hobby Shop **Revere:** Jack & Jill Shoppe **Reynoldsburg:** Reynoldsburg **Hobbyland Springfield:** Home Hobbies N' Crafts **St. Clairsville:** Toys By Rizz, Valley Hobby Inc. **Toledo:** Mind Games **Warren:** Trumbull Camera & Hobby **Youngstown:** Boardman Books • **SOUTH DAKOTA Rapid City:** Who's Hobby **Sioux Falls:** Donovan's Hobby & Crafts & Books, The Fun & Games Store • **WISCONSIN Appleton:** Hobby World **Cudahy:** Cudney Newt & Hobby Center **Greendale:** Toys By Rizz **Kenosha:** Ace Hardware **Madison:** Hobby Horse (Pegusus Games), Midvale Hobby Shop, Toys By Rizz **Menasha:** Mid Wisconsin Hobby Center **Mengomonie:** Thunderbolt Pet & Hobby **Milwaukee:** Haggenack's Playroom, Hobby Horse, Larry Lynn Toys & Nursery **Furniture Stevens Point:** Galaxy Superior **Superior:** Schwin's & Hobbies **Two Rivers:** Evans Department Store **West Allis:** Gamers Hobby Shop **West Bend:** Toy World





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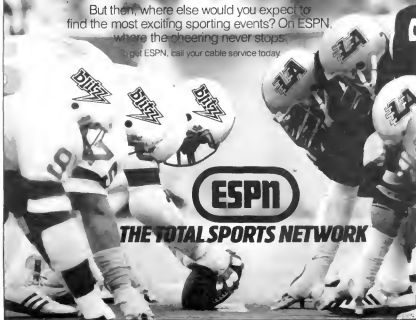
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Edited by GAY FLOOD

**LONESOME BARRY**  
Sir,

When I was a youth, I so idolized Rick Barry that I obtained his autograph not just once but four times. Yet the *dodan* others felt for him was apparent to me. I understood why they didn't appreciate him, but I never figured out why the anti-Barry sentiment was so widespread, until I read Tony Kornheiser's piece (*A Voice Crying in the Wilderness*, April 25).

I believe many people misunderstood Barry because they were simply ignorant of, or unwilling to comprehend, his total being. It's significant that truly intelligent and sensitive people like Bill King, Tom Meschery, Butch Beard and Julius Erving see past Barry's abrasive exterior.

Fortunately, it appears that Barry is gaining "sight of himself," to borrow Meschery's words. Barry used to be marvelous in finding a way to the basket. I hope he'll now find a way to happiness.

CHRIS HART  
Twin Falls, Idaho

Sir:

A college friend of mine and I spent what seems to have been an endless number of evenings discussing "Who was the better college player, Rick Barry or Bill Bradley?" I don't know if we ever settled the argument, but he named his son after Bradley and I named mine Rick Fehen! Please tell Barry that someone loves him.

PAUL E. FELSEN  
Succasunna, N.J.

Sir:

I'll never forget the day when, as a teenager, I was wandering near the old Madison Square Garden and happened to see Rick Barry. I called to him and jokingly asked if he had any tickets for the game that night, and guess what? He reached into my jacket and gave me four and told me to "enjoy the game." I'd like to finally say thank you for those tickets. I was so shocked at the time that I just grabbed them and walked off.

DAVID GOODFRIEND  
Takoma Park, Md.

Sir:

For five years, Rick Barry was a guest lecturer at the Eastern Basketball Camp in Moodus, Conn., at the same time he was participating in the Sammy Davis Jr. Greater Hartford Open golf tournament, and his theories on shooting and his rapport with the kids were special. Barry always answered our requests that he come by saying, "I will do it for the kids." Money was never discussed, yet the trip to the camp must have been an inconvenience

for him. Although we paid him the going rate for his time, he helped us because he really is a good guy.

MIKE FLAKS  
Camp Director  
Eastern Sports Services  
Orange, Conn.

Sir:

If your article was supposed to make me feel sorry for Rick Barry, it didn't work. Sleeping until 10, a few hours of "business," a little tennis, a month in Palm Springs to improve his tan—it sounds like a fantasy to me. Maybe he should be thankful for what he has. If the public doesn't adore him, it's his fault.

DAVID W. KELLY  
Westminster, Md.

Sir:

Rick Barry jumped ship—or tried to—on the Oakland Oaks-Washington Caps-Virginia Squires and the Warriors (twice). He played for five teams in five years under three contracts—and twice had simultaneous contracts with NBA and ABA teams. Simply put, he's the Benedict Arnold of Hoops.

JDE FAULKNER  
San Francisco

Sir:

I was shocked and appalled by your story on Rick Barry. The narcissism portrayed is more likely to be found in a teen-aged beach boy than in a 39-year-old man. Has Barry ever had a thought not concerned with himself? I think the answer is no, in spite of the writer's attempt to excuse his many insufferable actions and words.

If he wants to be a coach, let him start at the high school or junior college level and work his way up to the NBA, if he's good enough. If he wants to be a sportscaster, let him work at a local station and build a portfolio that would land him a network job. Why should he start out at the top?

And if he really wants the respect—let alone love—of others, why doesn't he give up his soap operas and start running free clinics for ghetto kids? Or volunteer to run the state's United Way campaign? Until Barry decides to join the adult world, maybe Jim Palmer could get him a job modeling underwear.

KAY SCHAEFF SCANLAN  
Brattleboro, Vt.**PADRE GARVEY**

Sir:

I'm no baseball fan, but I am a Steve Garvey fan (*It Was Too Good To Be True*, April 25). As a mother and a teacher, I feel our society should promote men like Garvey as real-life, modern-day heroes. Children need to see that there still exist people of fame who

have principles and integrity. It doesn't matter whether Garvey wears "American" red, white and blue or "taco" brown, we could use more of what he is—even if that is, as Steve Wall wrote, a little "hokey and Hollywood and hammy and cheesy and wonderful."

CATHERINE E. SPENCER  
Hacienda Heights, Calif.

Sir:

If Steve (I'm Just a Simple, Dedicated Man) Garvey loved the Dodgers and their fans so much, why did he reject \$5 million for four years? It seems to me the Dodgers made a generous offer to a man who claims, "In the end I felt they didn't want me."

RICK MARIOTT  
Arcadia, Calif.**NOT JUST FOR PEETE'S SAKE**  
Sir:

As a longtime Masters golf tournament spectator, I was struck by Kenny Moore's timely and accurate portrayal of Calvin Peete (*His Was a Great Act of Faith*, April 25). Although Peete had a terrible time at Augusta, shooting a horrendous 87 in the third round, he provided one of my most treasured memories of the tournament.

Stepping to the first tee on Monday morning as the first starter, playing alone and in last place, Peete turned to address the gallery and the two players who would follow him and said simply, "Play well, everybody." He is an exemplary figure and a shining example of why golf is one of the grandest of games.

DEREK H. DEJEN  
Houghton, La.

Sir:

Thank you for writing about someone we can all look up to, Calvin Peete.

RICHARD HUSKE  
Elkhorn, Neb.**SABAN AND CENTRAL FLORIDA**  
Sir:

Many people at the University of Central Florida have expressed disappointment at the tone of Douglas S. Looney's article on Lou Saban's arrival in Orlando (*If the Hat Fits, Wear It*, April 11). Not that we can quarrel with facts. Saban has been extraordinarily peripatetic, and some doubt as to whether the brutality has landed to stay is understandable. Ironically, your article may well serve to remove such doubt. I think you have given Lou almost as much of a challenge as the university has handed him. But please permit me a few comments:

I believe the record will show that in its brief football history Central Florida has had an attendance record that compares well with most Division III and Division II schools. I

continued



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## 19TH HOLE continued

think that last season, while disappointing—a friend at Kent State points out that it is possible to exceed an 8-10 record (Kent State went 9-11)—had its heartening aspects. Our final game, against I-AA national champion Eastern Kentucky, was impressively close. We lost it in the last quarter by 12 points.

I also think the record shows that Florida does not have a problem with having another engineering-oriented university. Central Florida's College of Engineering, with its four doctoral programs, has some 2,500 majors and alumni who have competed successfully with those from Georgia Tech and MIT. Our Computer Science Department is now among the 10 largest in the nation and has recently completed funding of a million-dollar endowed chair—probably only the fourth such chair in the U.S.

In short, we may be a young university, but we are no longer "struggling." We are delighted to have Saban with us. We have no secrets, and he knows our liabilities and our assets. He has already added to the litter. He has recruited some outstanding student-athletes, and he has brought a sense of pride, discipline and opportunity.

THE VICE CHANCELLOR  
President  
University of Central Florida  
Orlando

Sir,

Central Florida's "fantasy" of playing Florida State may be less ludicrous than Douglas S. Looney thinks. Just look at Florida State's history. In 1960 Bill Peterson, now Central Florida's athletic director, was named the head coach at Florida State, which only 14 years before had been a girls' school. The schedule that year included such gridiron powers as William & Mary and The Citadel. By 1964, however, the Seminoles were 9-1-1 under Peterson's direction, with wins over in-state rivals Florida and Miami and a lopsided defeat of Oklahoma in the Gator Bowl. It seems highly likely that Central Florida, with Peterson and Lou Saban at the helm, could be playing Florida State by 1989. What worries me, as a Florida State alumnus, is that the Fighting Knights just might beat the Seminoles.

WILLIAM E. PETERSON JR.  
Baton Rouge

■ In addition to being a graduate and fan of rival Florida State, reader Peterson is also Bill Peterson's son.—ED

Sir,

In regard to Lou (Now-You-See-Him-Now-You-Don't) Saban, some people may rationalize his job instability by stating that poor Lou has either been lied to or abused by his previous employers, thus his exoduses. However, it seems to me that Saban possesses very little old-fashioned stick-to-it-ive-ness. If we all turned tail and ran away from our jobs at the slightest hint of repression or displeasure,

sure, there wouldn't be anyone working anywhere for very long.

Saban seems never to have learned the meaning of that old adage: "You've got to take the bad with the good." Feel sorry for poor Lou? Boloney!

JAMES R. KRUGG  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

## PERFECTING THE RACKET TOSS

Sir,

John Knoll (Yetwornet, April 18) covered most of the popular racket-throwing styles, but he failed to mention one used by none other than gentlemanly, even-tempered, double-Grand Slammer Rod Laver. The Rocket mastered a unique method of anger transference whereby he would flip the racket head-first onto the court, assuaging gravity with a sharp snap of his wrist so that the offending implement would bounce back into his hand like a Yo-Yo. This was particularly effective on hard courts, and Laver never had to waste energy retrieving broken rackets. Only an Australian could throw a racket and make it return. Check with your stockbroker, though, before trying this with your \$500 (gulp) Prince Broom!

GREGG BALL  
South Bend

Sir,

I think John Knoll will find that there is nothing more satisfying to oneself—or more demoralizing to one's opponent—than skidding a metal racket against a cement or asphalt court and watching the sparks fly.

JEFF McCALLISTER  
Williamstown, W. Va.

Sir,

Those of us who are not affluent can still enjoy racket tossing. My favorite toss sends the racket straight up in the air. When it peaks and I realize what I have done, I clamp under it and try to catch it without breaking any bones in my hand.

STEVE PIRALKA  
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Sir,

John Knoll has an eloquent way of describing a mundane, immature act. It is going to write about the joy of golf-club throwing next week? That would be cute!

In a Jack-of-all-sports, and I wonder why, even in jest, Knoll would facetiously condense such a barbaric act. True jocks in any sport channel such tantrums into more intense, buckle-down playing. Bjorn Borg is an example. Anyone can lose his composure, but the pure athlete will regain it and counter frustration with flowlines.

JUD COPPE  
Cameron, La.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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